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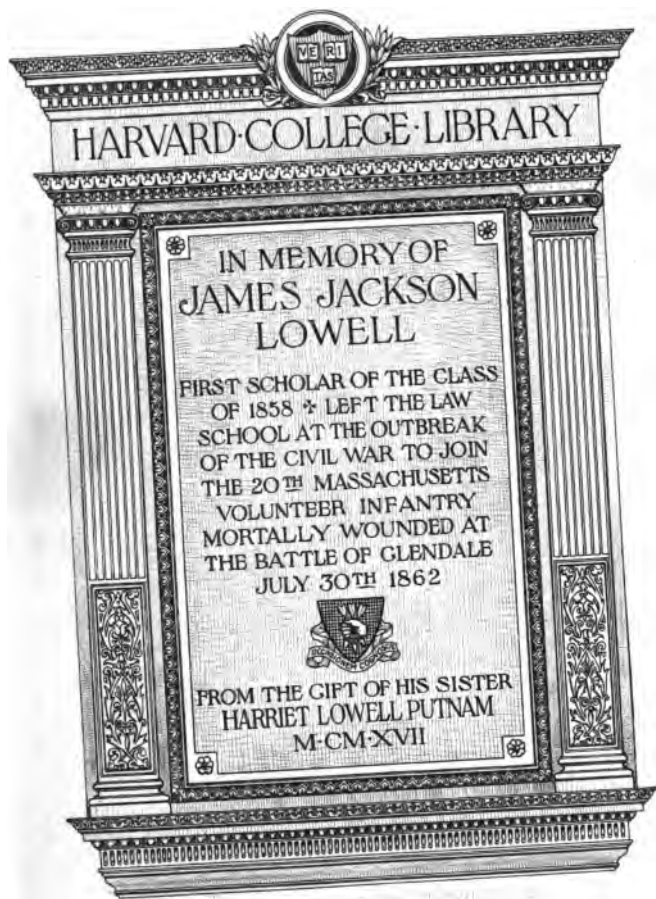
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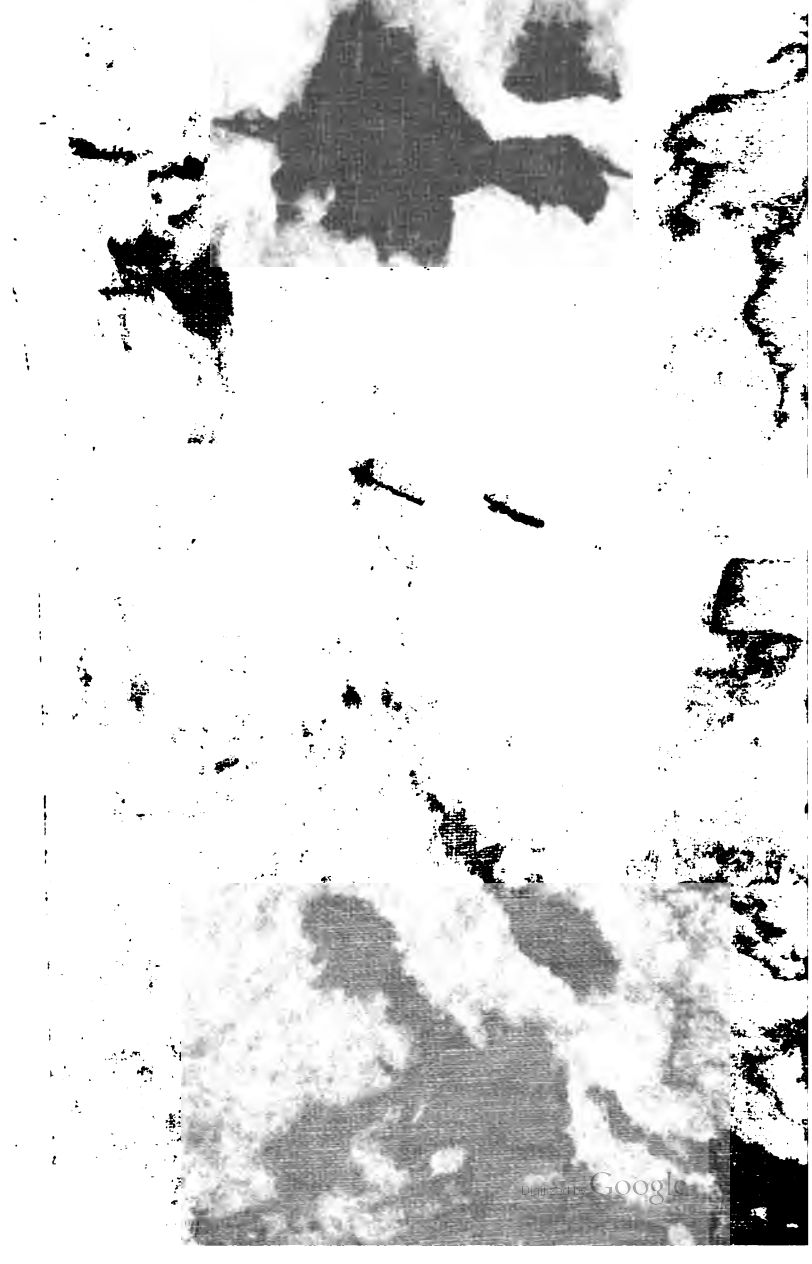
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HISTORICAL
BIOGRAPHIES.



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S. R. C. C. C.



English History Reading Books



HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES

BY

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PREFACE.



THE present book is intended to serve as a reading book for children more advanced than those for whom the *Outline of English History* was written. The biographies have been all selected from that which may be regarded as the middle period of English history—that in which the constitution of England was being settled. They may, therefore, though the narrative and familiar style has been preserved, serve to lead the young reader to look for fuller information on those important times.

HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHIES.

SIMON DE MONTFORT.

ABOUT 1200—1265.

FOR a long time after the Norman Conquest the French language was spoken in England by all men of high birth. Many noblemen had lands on both sides of the Channel, and Henry II., King of England, ruled over all the western part of France. Under these circumstances men readily passed from one country to another, and a man who was born in Normandy, or even in the dominions of the King of France, would be no stranger in England, where he could converse in his own tongue with the knights and barons who were descended from the Norman followers of the Conqueror. Early in the reign of Henry II., a Frenchman named Simon de Montfort, the grandfather of the great man whose deeds have now to be told, arrived in England. He married the sister and heiress of the Earl of Leicester. His son, another Simon, inherited from his father estates in France, and from his mother the earldom of Leicester, though he never lived in England. After his death, in 1218, his eldest son, Amauri, took the title of Earl of Leicester. It was not so

easy to obtain the English estates attached to the earldom. Frenchmen were now considered foreigners in England. King John had been dead for two years, and a boy-king, Henry III., had succeeded him. In John's reign, Normandy and the districts north of the Loire had ceased to belong to the King of England. There was less communication between England and France than there had been before. Men who came from France were less welcome here, and began to be regarded as foreigners, even though the upper classes in England continued to use the French language. Amauri de Montfort, therefore, who was himself a landowner in France, thought it hopeless to push his claims in England, and he passed them over to his next brother, a third Simon, who was to become the champion of English liberty.

This Simon arrived in England either in or a little before 1230. Though the exact year of his birth is not known, he cannot at that time have been much above thirty years of age. The English nobility were not likely to regard him with favour. To them he was a foreign adventurer come to push his fortunes amongst them. The lands and revenues of his earldom of Leicester had fallen, during his father's absence, into the hands of others who were not at all willing to surrender them. If the English nobles had had to decide upon his fate, he would no doubt have returned to France as poor as he was when he arrived.

Simon, however, found a friend in the king. Henry III. was by this time a young man in his

twenty-third year. He had no fitness for the post to which he was called by his birth. He could not rule the country himself, nor would he allow others to rule it for him. He disliked every one who attempted to control him. It was impossible to depend on his word. He would make the most solemn promises one day, and would break them on the next. He would believe the most unlikely accusations against his most faithful servants. For some time England had been governed by Hubert de Burgh. Hubert's chief aim had been to keep foreigners out of all posts of influence in the country. Henry preferred to trust foreigners rather than Englishmen, and he was especially inclined to trust his mother's relations, who came from Poitou and were eager to get as much English money as they could persuade the king to give them. At last the foreigners gained their object: Henry thrust Hubert out of all his offices. High and low were of one mind in grieving for his overthrow. The very smith who was ordered to put him in irons asked, as he fulfilled his task, whether he was not the faithful and noble Hubert who had saved England from the devastations of the foreigners, and had given England back to Englishmen.

No one could then have imagined that the man who was one day to complete Hubert's work was the young foreigner who had come over to push his fortunes in England. Already, before Hubert's disgrace, he had gained the favour of Henry, who gave him some small part of the revenue attached to the earldom which he claimed. At last a sudden stroke

of fortune made his way easy. Nearly eight years after his arrival in England, he won the heart of the king's sister, Eleanor. The marriage was performed in secret, lest it should come to the ears of the English barons, who would have been eager to stop an alliance which brought a foreigner into so close a connection with the king.

When the news spread abroad, the barons were greatly enraged. No one, it seemed, who was not a foreigner had any chance of prospering in England. Not very long before, a new swarm had arrived at Court. The king himself had married another Eleanor, a lady from Provence. The queen's relations were at once loaded with wealth. It could hardly be doubted that the king's new brother-in-law would be equally fortunate. The barons called on the king's brother, Richard Earl of Cornwall, to lead them in an attack upon the too fortunate foreigners. Richard, however, refused to do as they wished, and the barons dispersed in high displeasure.

Simon, however, had one more difficulty to face before he could be certain that he would be allowed to keep his wife. When she was still a young girl she had engaged to become a nun, and though she had never fulfilled her intention, many of the clergy declared that she could not lawfully be married to any one. Simon at once set out for Rome, to appeal to the pope. The pope without difficulty gave his approbation to the marriage. Soon after Simon's return, the king formally acknowledged him as Earl of Leicester, and placed him in possession of the lands which had once been his grandmother's.

Simon's fortune now appeared to be made. Other foreigners who had gained Henry's favour did not easily lose it. But Simon was not the kind of man to please Henry long. He was too truthful and outspoken. He could do his duty well and honestly, but he could not flatter. Henry no doubt felt uncomfortable in his presence, as selfish, thoughtless people often feel in the presence of those whose sober, steady life seems like a reproach to themselves. One day, without a word of warning, the king overwhelmed Simon with abuse, and, charging him with a number of offences which he could not possibly have committed, drove him from his presence. The earl, who knew that the English barons were his enemies, lost all support when the king turned against him. He retired to France till the storm should blow over.

Some friends, however, Simon had. Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, was one of the noblest characters of his time. The bishop wrote to Simon in his trouble, exhorting him to bear his misfortune with patience, and reminding him that 'whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.' After some months the king relented sufficiently to recall the earl to England, and even to treat him with respect. In a short time Henry appeared to have forgotten all his complaints against him, conferred upon him several favours, and took him with him in a war which he had undertaken against the King of France. The events of that war enabled Simon to understand Henry's character even better than he had done before. The king was always

ready to amuse himself, but was never ready to carry out any serious design. He had gone to war to secure the possession of Poitou. He ended it by giving up his claim to that province.

All that Henry had been doing cost a great deal of money. He was extravagant himself, and he wanted much to give away to his courtiers besides the sums which he spent upon his useless wars. From time to time he took from his subjects the money that he wanted, finding some excuse or other for demanding it. As might have been expected, his subjects grew tired of emptying their purses for him. There was at that time no House of Commons elected by the people to put a stop to the king's arbitrary proceedings, but there was a body similar to our House of Lords, composed of the barons, or great landowners, of the bishops, and of the abbots of the greater monasteries. This body was now beginning to be known as Parliament. It had sometimes granted money to the king on his promising to observe the Great Charter which had been granted by his father. Henry never made any difficulty about promising, but he always broke his word as soon as it was convenient to do so.

The year in which the war for Poitou was concluded brought with it new demands upon the money of Englishmen. For some time the popes had been engaged in a deadly struggle against the Emperor Frederick II., who was so powerful in Italy that they did not think themselves safe till he had been weakened or destroyed. A new pope, Innocent IV., sent into all parts of Christendom to

collect funds for that which he announced to be a holy war. To England he despatched a certain Master Martin, to gather money from the clergy. The clergy indignantly remonstrated; but the pope got his money. Henry sometimes talked of resisting him, but he always gave way and allowed the pope to do as he pleased. To make matters worse, the pope assumed the right of appointing Italian clergy to English bishoprics and other ecclesiastical preferments. The king had other things to think of than to contest this claim. A fresh swarm of his mother's relations arrived, and he was busy in finding estates or dignities for the men, and rich husbands for the girls. King and pope were thus leagued together for the plunder of England. Parliament met from time to time and remonstrated. But its members did not act cordially together. The barons and the bishops had separate grievances, and they had not yet succeeded in finding a leader who should teach them how to make common cause against their oppressors, or a plan by which they could check the king in his outrageous actions.

At last in 1248 the barons used higher language than they had used before. How was it, they replied to Henry's demand for more money, that he did not blush to make such a request, in spite of all his promises. They asked that the ministers who governed in his name should be appointed by Parliament. Henry, as might have been expected, positively refused. If Parliament appointed the ministers, the ministers would act as Parliament wished them to act, and not as the king wished them to act.

Henry would be no longer able to take money for himself or for the pope, because the ministers appointed by Parliament would refuse to carry out his orders. If Parliament succeeded in getting its way, it, and not the king, would govern the country.

What part Earl Simon took in this resistance cannot be told with certainty; but there is strong reason to believe that he took part against the king. He could not be otherwise than hostile to Henry's foolish mismanagement, and he had long ceased to be regarded by the barons as a foreign adventurer. After all, he was on a very different footing from the relatives of the mother and the wife of the king, who had come to England to fatten on the plunder of the country. He had but claimed the inheritance of his grandmother, and, having obtained his rights, he had been content. The jealousy with which he had been regarded had long since passed away.

Almost immediately after this last quarrel with the barons, Henry appointed Simon governor of Gascony, which still belonged to the English kings. It is quite possible that Henry sent him there in order to get rid of him from the English Parliament. At all events Simon undertook the task imposed on him. It was not an easy one. In Gascony the nobles had long been unaccustomed to control, and they did what was right in their own eyes, oppressing the poor men who had none to help them. Simon put them down with a heavy hand. Unfortunately Henry gave him no support. He listened to the Gascon nobles more than to his own

governor, and called in question everything that he did. Simon met his accusers boldly, and Henry was obliged to acknowledge that they had failed to prove the charges which they had brought against the earl. Simon asked the king at least to repay him the money which he had spent in the service of the State out of his own private fortune. Nothing made Henry more angry than to ask him to pay money for real services performed. He called Simon a traitor, and told him that he counted it no shame to break his word to such as he was. Simon replied to Henry that he was a liar. 'And,' he went on to say, 'but that thou bearest the name of king, it had been a bad hour for thee when thou utterdest such a word. Who would believe that thou art a Christian? Hast thou ever confessed?' On the king's saying that he had, the earl scornfully asked what confession was worth without repentance. 'Never,' answered Henry, 'did I repent of aught so much as of suffering thee to enter England, and win honour and land therein, that thou mightest grow fat and rich.'

Simon returned to Gascony, and once more repressed the rebels. Henry rewarded him by dismissing him from his office, and then went in person to reap the fruits of his brother-in-law's successes. He found that, as soon as Simon had left Gascony, the rebellion of the nobles had broken out again, and the wretched king was actually obliged to send for Simon to come back to help him to restore order. Simon was hot-tempered when he was provoked, but he had learned to rule his own spirit, and without

complaint he placed himself at the disposal of the man who had injured him so deeply. Gascony was once more reduced to order by his presence, after which he returned to England.

Year after year the old struggle was carried on in England. The king never ceased to make exorbitant demands for money. Parliament often refused, and sometimes grudgingly consented to give him a small part of his demands. That which made Englishmen the more angry, was that it was no longer for the maintenance of his own claims that Henry wanted their assistance. Badly as he governed England, he could not hold back from meddling with other countries as well. The Emperor Frederick II. was by this time dead, but one of his sons ruled in Naples and Sicily. The pope could not be content till he had rooted out the whole house of his bitter enemy. He looked about for a prince who would undertake this task for him; and he knew that the King of England was easily allured. He offered to make Henry's second son, Edmund, king of Naples and Sicily, if he would undertake the conquest of those countries. Henry was overjoyed at the proposal. He promised to the pope enormous sums of money to accomplish this object, and he expected the English Parliament to provide him with the treasure which was needed. Some of the great barons took his side. There were amongst them many of the king's foreign friends. Yet so strong was the feeling against Henry, that he failed again and again to obtain the consent of Parliament to his demands. Even bishops talked of resisting him

openly. He once angrily told the Bishop of London that he would ask the pope to deprive him of his bishopric. 'If you take away my mitre,' answered the bishop, 'I can put on a helmet.' Those who resisted did not now stand alone. Gradually the whole nation had awakened to a feeling of its wrongs. England, it seemed, was but as booty for the king to plunder—to plunder for the sake of himself, for the sake of his foreign kinsmen, for the sake of the pope. But the nation needed a leader firmly convinced of the justice of its cause, ready to sacrifice himself for the good of others, a wise and prudent counsellor in affairs of state, and a brave and skilful commander in war. Such a leader England found in Simon de Montfort.

When the nation was united it was irresistible. There was no standing army, consisting of soldiers enlisted to serve the king, and commanded by officers appointed by him. The barons indeed held their lands from the king, on condition that they would fight for him, and would bring with them the knights, to whom they had in turn given lands on an engagement to follow them in war. But if these barons declared against the king, Henry would have few to support him except the foreigners to whom he had given lands. He could have no hope of support from the other classes, which if they were less powerful than the barons, counted for something in the country. The clergy were almost to a man his opponents. The freeholders, or smaller proprietors of land, who did not fight on horseback like the knights, had long been accustomed to meet in the county

court to manage the affairs of the county, together with the knights who were their neighbours, and they had thus acquired habits of independence. Lately they had been invited to choose two knights in each county to send to sit in Parliament by the side of the barons and the bishops, though this innovation had not been adopted as a permanent arrangement. It was the beginning of that system of representation which afterwards produced the House of Commons. Men who lived in Lancashire or Norfolk, and who were not rich enough to travel up to the place where Parliament was held, were thus able to make their wishes known, and those wishes were that Henry should have his way no longer. It was as much the poor man's interest as the rich man's that the king's subjects should not be plundered. Another class too there was which as yet sent no representatives to Parliament. Most of the towns were indeed no larger than many villages are now, but some had grown to considerable importance. The port towns through which commerce passed, on its way to and from the continent, were comparatively populous; and London, though it was but a small place as compared with the enormous city which now contains more inhabitants than all England had in the reign of Henry III., was nevertheless a populous town made wealthy by its trade, and containing thousands of men ready, if necessity called on them, to leave their homes to take arms against oppression.

The conflict, long impending, broke out in 1258. The year before had been wet, and the harvest was

bad. Thousands had died of starvation. It was a time, if ever there was one, when a king who loved his people would have been slow to increase their burdens. Henry took the opportunity of calling for a third of the whole income of the country, in order that it might be given to the pope.

Parliament was sitting, and two days after this monstrous demand had been made, the barons



BARONS IN PARLIAMENT CLAD IN ARMOUR.

appeared clad in complete armour instead of in their usual robes. They at once asked that the Poitevins, the kinsfolk of the king's mother, should be sent out of England, and that Henry himself and his eldest son, Prince Edward, should swear to take no money beyond the ordinary payments due to the king, except by the consent of twenty-four men, twelve of whom were to be chosen by the king, and

twelve by the barons. This committee of twenty-four was to draw up a plan for the reformation of the evils under which the country was suffering, and to lay it before another Parliament which was called to meet at Oxford in the summer.

On June 11, that Parliament appeared before the king at Oxford. Courtiers and lawyers combined afterwards to give it in contempt the name of the Mad Parliament. Those who have studied the history of the time as it ought to be studied would be ready to give to it a far nobler name. The barons and the bishops, indeed, did not come trusting to the sole influence of reason. Year after year strong words had been used by them, and had been used in vain. The king had persisted in maintaining that not only all his royal rights and revenues, but even all that his royal power could tear from his impoverished subjects, was his to deal with as his own, to spend or waste at his pleasure, or to fling away to those who had never done a single service to the country. The men who now trooped into Oxford came to teach him the unwelcome lesson that what he had was his in trust that he might use it for the good of the country, and that if he persisted in having his own way his power must be taken from him and exercised by others. To give effect to this argument in the only way in which Henry was likely to pay attention to it, the barons brought with them large numbers of armed men who were themselves landowners, and who were no less interested than the wealthiest man in England in procuring justice. They asked that the foreigners

should be sent away, that all castles and fortified places in the country should be placed in the hands of Englishmen, and that a special officer, called a justiciar, should be named to see that all men received justice in the king's courts.

The king and Prince Edward swore to carry out the wishes of the barons, and to expel the foreigners. It was not so easy to obtain the consent of the foreigners themselves, who were naturally unwilling to give up their lands and offices in England and to make a fresh start in life beyond the seas. Foremost in opposition was William of Valence, the king's half-brother. For some time there was great fear about what the foreigners might do. The port towns kept guard against a sudden attack, and fresh bolts were placed on the gates of London, in order to keep them firmly closed at night. At Oxford the barons took a solemn oath that no danger to life or goods should keep them back till they had cleansed England from the foreigners and had obtained the good laws for which they had asked. Simon did more than swear. He set the example of obeying. He himself owned two castles, one at Kenilworth, the other at Odiham. Though he had lately repaired them, he now surrendered them to the king, lest it should be said that he whose father was a foreigner refused to do what he asked the other foreigners to do. The king's half-brothers, who came from Poitou in France, were not at all inclined to follow his example. They too swore an oath, but it was that as long as they lived they would never give up the castles which they had

received from the king. Simon called on them to obey. 'Of a certainty,' he said to William of Valence, 'you shall either give up the castles, or lose your head.' The other barons spoke as Simon did. The Poitevins were frightened at last. They knew that their castles would do them no good. If they took refuge in one, the whole nation would follow Simon, and would gather round the place in which they were till they were starved out. They fled away from Oxford, spurring their horses hard till they reached Winchester, where they thought they would be safe, as one of themselves had lately been elected bishop of the see. After some delay they were followed by the barons, and compelled to leave the country.

In the meanwhile the barons completed their work at Oxford. They took the government entirely out of the hands of the king, and gave it to a committee of fifteen barons, who were to rule England in his name. That Henry could not rule with any advantage to the country was plain enough. There was scarcely a man in England who was not ready to resist his claim to do as he pleased. But it did not follow that because he had ruled badly the fifteen would rule well. They were all of them great barons, and a great baron had interests which were very different from those of poorer men. He had large estates, and on those estates were many knights always ready to do his bidding and to fight against those against whom he wished them to fight. If these barons were allowed to govern the country they might ill-treat their poorer neighbours, and

use their power to oppress others as surely as the king had used his power to oppress them.

There was one way of keeping these great men in order, the way of increasing the power of a Parliament representing other classes as well as that of the barons. If the fifteen had been obliged to give account of their conduct from time to time to an assembly composed of knights of the shire sent by the smaller landowners over all England, as well as of great barons, they might have been kept in some kind of order. From the very beginning the great barons had determined that this should not be. They arranged, indeed, that Parliament should meet at least three times in the year; but, under the pretence of saving trouble to Parliament, they appointed twelve men who were to speak on behalf of the whole community, whilst all others who appeared in Parliament would be obliged to accept in silence whatever they agreed to. As the great barons proceeded to choose these twelve men out of their own number, it is evident that no means was left of stopping the fifteen from consulting their own interests instead of those of the nation. Whatever they wished to do, whether it were bad or good, the twelve were certain to approve of.

Earl Simon was not likely to be well pleased with such an arrangement as this. He, at least, had stood up against Henry, not in order that the barons might rule instead of the king, but that all men, high and low, rich and poor, might be ruled justly. For some time he refused to take the oath required of him to observe the new constitution.

Finding himself alone, he gave way at last. 'By the arm of St. James,' he said, 'though I shall take the oath last of all and against my will, yet will I keep it inviolate, and none shall hinder me!'

At first the barons did their work well. They drew up a scheme for executing justice over the whole country; and for punishing officials who were guilty of taking bribes. The whole series of changes made at this time came to be known as the Provisions of Oxford, and both the king and Prince Edward promised to observe them.

After a little time the barons took another good step. They wrote to the pope telling him that they would have nothing more to do with his plan for setting up Henry's second son as king of Sicily. The pope was very angry, and did all that he could to throw difficulties in the way of the barons.

It now seemed as if all difficulties would easily be surmounted. The new government was popular for the time. All were pleased at getting rid of the foreigners, and at the probability that they would no longer have to pay such enormous sums of money as Henry had required of them. Soon afterwards the king's brother, Richard, returned to England. He had been chosen to be King of the Romans by the German princes, a title which would have given him a right to the higher title of Emperor if the pope had consented to place upon his head the imperial crown. When, soon after his landing, he swore fidelity to the Provisions of Oxford, he was welcomed by the citizens of London as one who would help to maintain the new order of things.

The popularity of the barons did not last long.

Hugh Bigod, the justiciar or chief judge, whom they had appointed, gave offence by the way in which he exercised his office. The barons were sure to make mistakes when they tried to do justice, because they had not been trained as lawyers; and very often they did not even try to do justice when their interests drew them the other way. The king did not submit quietly to the position into which he had been thrust, and by promises and persuasions he won over some of the barons to his side. Above all, the king hated Earl Simon bitterly. One day a violent thunderstorm came on when he was in a boat on the Thames, and he sought for shelter in a house which was at that time occupied by the earl. Simon at once came to the door to offer him hospitality. Henry could not conceal his feelings. 'Thunder and lightning,' he said bitterly, 'I fear exceedingly; but, by the head of God, I fear thee more than all the storms in the world!' The earl gave an answer which ought to have turned away Henry's wrath: 'Sire,' he said, 'it is unjust and incredible that thou shouldst fear me who am thy true friend, and loyal to thee and thine and to the realm of England; but thy enemies—those who ruin thee and tell thee lies—them thou oughtest to fear.'

Simon's position was indeed a hard one. If Henry hated him, the barons did not love him. He knew that many of the great barons who had joined him against the king considered him as a mere foreigner still, and that they disliked his readiness to take up the cause of the lesser landowners against their richer neighbours. It seemed doubtful even to

these lesser landowners whether he was any longer able to protect them, and in little more than a year after the Provisions of Oxford had been drawn up they laid their complaints, not before Earl Simon, but before Prince Edward. The barons, they said, had obtained all that they wanted for themselves, but had done but little of the things which they had promised to do for the rest of the community. Edward was now a young man of twenty, hot-tempered, and impatient of control. He was proud of his royal birth, and he chafed against the restraint under which his father had been placed. Yet even in his youth he showed signs of possessing those great qualities which afterwards gave him a place amongst the noblest of English sovereigns. In his eyes, when after his father's death he came to reign, the possession of a crown did not give to its wearer an opportunity for self-gratification. It was a call to the highest self-sacrifice, to the devotion of a life to the interests of the people, by the establishment of justice amongst them. As yet he had not learned all the lesson which the school of adversity was to teach him, but he had learned enough to point him out to those who had been injured by the barons as one who would gladly see justice done to them. The prince answered that he had sworn to the Provisions of Oxford, and would keep his oath. If the barons did not fulfil their promises he would join the community in compelling them to do so.

Prince Edward's warning was effectual for the time. The barons issued orders for the protection of others besides themselves.

The barons might issue orders, but it was not certain that they would compel their observance. If Simon had had real power in his hands there would have been little difficulty. But many of the great barons were displeased at the interference of the Prince, and were only too ready to keep power for their own purposes. Between the Earl of Gloucester, the leader of these men, and Earl Simon, a quarrel soon broke out. 'With such fickle and faithless men,' said Simon, 'I care not to have aught to do. The things we are treating of now we have sworn to carry out. And thou, Sir Earl, the higher thou art, the more art thou bound to keep such statutes as are wholesome for the land.' This strong language produced an effect, and a temporary reconciliation followed Gloucester's promise to do all that could be reasonably required.

Very soon the quarrel broke out again. Henry was not slow to seize the opportunity of regaining power. Simon and his followers he treated as his bitter enemies. Gloucester and his friends he flattered and cajoled. The country was growing discontented with many of the proceedings of the barons. At last the king threw off the mask. He called upon the pope to free him from the engagements into which he had entered at Oxford. The pope gladly consented, and in June 1261, three years after Henry had submitted to the barons, the king announced that the pope had declared the Provisions of Oxford to have been null and void, and had released him from all the promises that he had

made to observe them. In a short time Henry had everything once more in his own hands.

Such a failure turned the eyes of Englishmen more than ever upon Earl Simon. Gloucester and his rich and powerful friends had given way in the hour of trial; Simon had stood firm, and had ever rebuked those who were content with less than all that had been secured to the whole nation by the Provisions of Oxford. Before long a fresh chance opened to him. Gloucester died, and his son Gilbert, now Earl of Gloucester, looked upon his father's antagonist as his own leader. Others who had been offended with Simon because his patriotism was larger than their own, forgot their jealousy now that they had again so much to fear from the king. Simon was at last able to speak with authority as the trusted leader of the barons as well as of the nation.

Simon had nevertheless a hard struggle before him. The king, it was evident, meant to rule in the old way. After some fruitless negotiation, Simon sent him a plain proposal. Was he ready to acknowledge the Provisions of Oxford, and to outlaw all who resisted them? On Henry's refusal, Simon took up arms. He had no lack of followers. He was himself a master in the art of war. With an irresistible army he marched from the borders of Wales to Dover, driving out as he went the king's officials and the foreigners who had crept back to England under the king's protection.

By seizing Dover, Simon had cut Henry off from the usual means of communication with the Continent, and had made it difficult, if not impossible, for

him to strengthen himself with foreign aid. Henry was in the Tower of London, at that time used, not as the prison which it afterwards became, but as a fortress in which the kings could reside in times of danger. Danger was not far off. The citizens of London were weary of a king who was always demanding money, and who gave them nothing in return. They now refused to lend him anything. Prince Edward, hot-tempered as he was, resolved to take by force what he could not get by fair means. The Temple, which is now occupied by lawyers, was then the abode of the Knights Templars, a body of men who had sworn to fight against the Mahometans in the Holy Land. So great was the respect paid to these knights that men placed their money in their charge as they give it to the bankers now. Edward seized this money, most, if not all, of which was the property of men who had done him no wrong, and the citizens were more exasperated than ever. They reviled the queen, and pelted her with stones as she attempted to pass in a boat under London Bridge. They would have done the same to the king if he had ventured to stir from the Tower.

In the face of such danger, Henry consented first to negotiate and then to yield. He promised to observe the Provisions of Oxford, though Simon and his friends agreed to omit any particular clauses which might be found to be hurtful to the king and the realm. Not long afterwards, Prince Edward was seized and compelled to make the same promise.

Simon appeared to have reached the height of

power. Unfortunately, it was harder for him to keep power than it was to win it. Noble and unselfish as he was, he was too haughtily contemptuous of men who were less in earnest than himself, and too ready to express his contempt in hasty and bitter language. Henry, the son of the king's brother Richard, refused to help him to put down the resistance which was still to be feared in some parts of England. He could not, he said, fight against his father and his uncle. Simon proudly bade him do his worst. He reproached him with fickleness, as he had formerly reproached the elder Earl of Gloucester. 'I and my four sons,' he said, 'though all should desert me, will stand fast for the cause I have sworn to defend for the honour of the Church and the welfare of the realm.' Simon's followers on his march had done no little damage to persons who were quite innocent. His followers whom he supported in posts of authority after his success sometimes made use of that authority to injure their private enemies. Above all, the nobles who had joined him against the king were discontented at the superiority which he claimed. They thought that they were themselves to be masters of everything, and they could not endure to see themselves at the feet of a subject. It is true that the middle class, the gentry in the country, the citizens in the towns, the clergy, the monks and the friars, looked up to Simon as their deliverer, that they named him Sir Simon the Righteous, and that they were ready to support him against the nobles as they had supported him against the king. But as yet their

power was insufficient to stand up against the nobles, who could bring into the field such large bodies of fighting men. Civil war broke out again, and many of those who had stood by Earl Simon when the Provisions of Oxford were gained had now joined the king. 'I have been,' said Simon, 'in many lands and among many nations, Pagan and Christian, but in no race have I ever found such faithlessness and deceit as I have met in England.'

Under these circumstances, with no apparent prospect of a permanent settlement in any way, both parties agreed to submit their differences to arbitration. The arbitrator chosen was Louis IX., King of France, known after his death as St. Louis, for his conspicuous piety and unselfishness. It must have seemed at the time that no better arbitrator could have been chosen. Not only was Louis as notorious for his sense of justice as he was for his piety, but he had had many opportunities of knowing both Henry and Simon personally, and had been called upon to mediate in private disputes between them, and had never shown any inclination to favour the king above the subject. Yet after all it was impossible that even Louis should come to the arbitration with an unprejudiced mind. He was himself king, and in his own kingdom he and his predecessors had been called on to contend against the great nobles. To beat them down in France was truly what Henry alleged it to be in England—to defend the cause of order against lawlessness and confusion. Louis could not be expected to understand that England was different from France;

because in England there was, what there was not in France, a class of country gentlemen and of townsmen who would be strong enough to stand up against the great nobles if they attempted to use the power which they might wrest from the king to oppress their neighbours. All that Louis could see was that, whether Simon were an honourable man or not, he had placed himself at the head of a rebellion. All rebellions were in Louis' eyes ruinous to the country in which they were permitted, and he therefore gave judgment in all points in favour of Henry. The Provisions of Oxford were declared null and void, and all subsequent arrangements made to enforce them were adjudged to be illegal. Henry was to enter once more into the fulness of that power which he had so terribly abused. He was indeed directed to keep any promises which he had made before the meeting of the Parliament of Oxford, and especially his promise to observe the Great Charter; but as no one in England was allowed to force him to keep his word, it was probable that he would break it again whenever it suited his convenience, just as he had done before.

Such a judgment, known as the Mise of Amiens—or, as we should say, the Agreement of Amiens, from the place where Louis was when he gave his award—placed Simon in a great difficulty. Not only had he now to face the two kings, unless he would abandon everything to which he had for years devoted himself, but he would have to contend against the opinion, which was sure to be widely spread, that the decision of so honourable and holy a

man as Louis was known to be must surely be just. Besides this, he had to inquire of his own conscience whether he might lawfully break his oath to abide by the sentence of the King of France. If the question had been merely one in which his own private interests had been concerned, he would probably have given way. He was one of whom it could be said that 'he sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.' But he knew that this was no question of his own interest or power. The question was, whether England was to be laid at the feet of a king like Henry, who would plunder and harass his subjects at his pleasure, or whether the subjects were to stand up to compel him to rule for the common good, or, if that appeared impossible, to take the government out of his hands. Simon believed that unless this latter course were taken England would be ruined, and that no oath could oblige him to stand by whilst his country was being ruined.

Simon, however, was not the first to move. London and the trading towns, together with the barons, refused to accept the Mise of Amiens. War broke out, as it were, spontaneously. Men were too fiercely in earnest, and too angry with their opponents to spare those whom they could overpower. Cruel injuries were inflicted on both sides. At last Simon put himself at the head of the king's opponents. He began by offering peace to the king. He was even ready to recognise the Mise of Amiens, if the king would banish the hated foreigners, and take Englishmen only into his service. Henry would have no peace on such terms.

At first the king gained some advantages. He took Northampton, and though London rose in favour of the barons, he repelled Simon's attempt to capture Rochester. But he failed to seize Dover, and at last he marched to Lewes. By this time he knew that Simon with his army was approaching from the north.

Earl Simon once more offered peace, but the king would not hear of it. Simon's army prepared for battle. He was about ten miles to the north of Lewes in the night before May 14, the day on which the battle of Lewes was fought.

Simon's followers believed themselves to be fighting in a holy cause. On their armour they bore the sign of the cross. Simon himself spent the night in prayer. Like Cromwell, nearly four hundred years after him, he added to his piety the skill of the general and the bravery of the warrior. Facing him on the south lay the long line of the chalk downs, running east and west parallel with the main line of the Sussex coast. In that line of hills is a gap in which lies the town of Lewes, and through which the river Ouse finds its way to the sea. In and about the town lay the king's army, and in the early morning when Simon started to surprise it, Henry and Prince Edward were soundly sleeping, never thinking that any harm was likely to befall them.

The straight road which a traveller would have taken lay through the gap in the hills to Lewes. Before reaching Lewes Simon turned aside to the right. He did not wish to fight on level ground

against an army prepared to meet him. He climbed the hill from the north side, out of sight of the watchers in the king's army. The first that was seen of him from Lewes was when, after passing the top of the hill, he was ready to come down upon Henry's army from the height above.

Before descending he halted his soldiers, and reminded them that they were about to fight for England and for God. 'Let us pray the King of all men,' he said, 'that if that is pleasing to Him which we have undertaken, He may grant us strength and aid, that we may do Him good service by our knightly prowess, and overcome the malice of all our foes. And since we are His, to Him we commend our souls and bodies.' The whole army with their leader knelt down to pray for victory, as the Scots knelt with Robert Bruce at Bannockburn not many years afterwards.

By this time the king and his party were aroused. Hastily they put on their armour and rushed to the fight. Prince Edward fell upon the Londoners, who were in a body together. He had borne them a grudge ever since they had reviled his mother and had flung stones at her as she was attempting to pass under London Bridge. Taking them by surprise, he drove them before him like a flock of sheep. The day would come when he would himself be a warrior as wary and as prudent as Earl Simon himself. At Lewes he forgot everything but his anger. He chased the fugitives before him for many miles, killing and wounding them as he went. As he and his men returned they caught sight of a closed waggon on the

hill-side, on which, according to a custom sometimes observed in those days, Earl Simon's standard was mounted. They knew that Simon had lately been injured by a fall from his horse, and they fancied that, being too disabled to ride to the battle, he was himself inside the waggon. Some of them attacked it violently and tried to break it open. But it was too strong for them, and they finally set fire to it, thinking that they would thus get rid of their enemy for ever. As it happened, the waggon contained three or four citizens of London who favoured the royal cause, and who had been brought away as prisoners by Simon. The unhappy men were burnt alive by their own friends.

When Edward rode back to Lewes it was too late for him to serve his father's cause. Whilst he had been taking a useless vengeance on the Londoners, Simon had fallen upon the king's troops as they were just awakened from sleep. Surprised as they were, Henry and his followers fought bravely. But it was of no use; they were overpowered and defeated. The king's brother, Richard, the King of the Romans, and, as such, the first sovereign in Europe, took refuge in a windmill. Loud was the laughter of the barons, as they forced him to come down and to surrender himself a prisoner, and long was it remembered how, as a songster of the day expressed it, this mighty lord made for himself a castle of a mill-post. Prince Edward came back to find the victory won, and he too had to give himself up as a prisoner. The battle of Lewes was ended, and, in the name of England, Simon had asserted

the right of the natives of the country to determine in what way their land should be governed.

Simon was in reality for the time master of England. He exercised with singular moderation the power which he had acquired. After arranging that many of the points in question should be submitted to arbitration, he proclaimed a general



RICHARD, KING OF THE ROMANS, DESCENDING THE WINDMILL.

peace, and, taking the king with him, summoned a Parliament to meet in London in June.

That Parliament was attended not merely by bishops and barons, but by four knights from each shire, chosen as representatives by the lesser land-owners. In this Parliament was drawn up a scheme of government which, as Simon hoped, would take authority out of the hands of an incapable king without handing it over altogether to the great

barons, as had been done at the time of the Provisions of Oxford. Three electors were to be appointed, and these three were to name a council of nine, without the consent of which the king was not to govern. If Parliament, now consisting of elected knights as well as of greater personages, saw fit to remove any one of the electors, the king was to replace him by another, with the advice of Parliament.

Such a scheme is almost like the form of government which prevails in our own time. Those who governed were to give satisfaction to Parliament, or they would be removed from office ; and the Parliament, though its elected members were not chosen by so large a constituency as that which now sends a House of Commons to Westminster, was at least a body in which nearly every one who was much interested in politics would find a voice. It is true that the appearance of representative knights was not quite new. Ten years before, in 1254, two knights had been chosen by each county to carry its grievances to Parliament ; but since that time, either no such knights had again been chosen, or, if they had, we hear so little about them, that we may be sure that the part taken by them was quite insignificant. The great barons at least, when they drew up the Provisions of Oxford, had wanted to manage the whole state themselves, and not to be controlled by those whom they regarded as their inferiors.

Seven months later a fresh step was taken. To a Parliament held in January, 1265, Earl Simon summoned for the first time in English history

representatives of the principal towns. For the first time merchants were to sit side by side with knights and barons. Simon had learned to understand how the government of the country interested all who lived in the country, and though he could not expect in those days to obtain counsel from the labourer in the fields, or from the artisan of the towns, he called on all who could reasonably be expected to give good advice to bring it forward for the benefit of the whole community.

Before this Parliament met the three electors had been chosen—Simon himself, the young Earl of Gloucester, and the Bishop of Chichester. The council had been named by them, and the government was being carried on according to the arrangement made after the battle of Lewes. Almost immediately the new Government had to prepare to resist invasion. The queen gathered a large army on the coast of France to support her husband's cause. She did not, however, venture to cross the Channel. All England sent forth its men, at Earl Simon's call, to defend the country, and after a time the queen's troops dispersed. The pope's legate, or ambassador, threatened Simon and his followers with excommunication; but the English clergy stood up as resolutely in his defence as the English laity had done. When at last the bull of excommunication arrived at Dover, the men of the place seized it and threw it into the sea.

The mass of the English people plainly favoured Simon. But those of the barons who had fought for the king at Lewes were still formidable. For a

time they were kept down. Before long, however, new enemies arose against Simon from amongst his own party. Many of those who supported him were displeased because he kept them in order, and they accused him of taking too much authority. Sometimes he may have spoken harshly, instead of giving the soft answer which turneth away wrath. In some cases he may from quickness of temper or from ignorance have done actual wrong. His followers no doubt often used his name in doing things of which he would never have approved, and his sons tried to make profit of their father's greatness. One of them, Henry de Montfort, stopped the wool which was being sent abroad, and took it for himself. Above all, the great barons did not like to be ruled by a man who, at most, was but one of themselves. They were as ready now to set up Henry and to give him another chance as they had been ready a few months before to pull him down.

If the great barons were weary of Simon, he had full confidence in himself, and he determined to show that he could do without them. When the Parliament which contained for the first time representatives of the towns met, very few of the great men had been asked to attend. Simon seems to have felt that he could not trust many of them. He attempted to do everything himself, and to rule the kingdom as if all men in it were his subjects. His sons were more arrogant and more unwise than he was. Even whilst Parliament was sitting news was brought that the young men and their friends had arranged to engage in a tournament against the Earl

of Gloucester and his supporters. A tournament was intended to be an imitation of a fight, in which knights rode at one another and attempted to thrust one another off their horses. But it might easily lead to a real fight, and Simon sent orders to stop it. Gloucester was angry with Simon for interfering with his amusement; and he was still more angry with him for keeping the king's castles in his hands. Gloucester was himself one of the three electors, and he may very well have thought himself aggrieved when he was treated as a man of little importance. Before long he was preparing to attack Simon, as soon as he could find a favourable opportunity.

Gloucester was not likely to have any lack of followers. Before the end of May he obtained help in an unexpected way. Prince Edward had been kept as a prisoner ever since the battle of Lewes. One evening he went out with his guards, and invited them to try which of them had the swiftest horse. As soon as they had tired their horses by galloping them one against another, he rode off, and was once more at liberty.

At once Prince Edward summoned to his aid all Simon's enemies. He was soon at the head of a large army. Gloucester, and his friends who had fought by Simon's side at Lewes, now followed the prince. Simon's supporters were but few, and he had little to trust to but his own skill. If Edward behaved as he had behaved at Lewes, a victory might yet be won. Edward, however, had learned much since the day when in hot haste he galloped after the Londoners and left his father a prey to the enemy.

He was one of those who are made wiser and better by adversity, and he was now as skilful a general as Simon himself. In the meanwhile Simon had been gathering forces in Wales, and was still on the western side of the Severn when he summoned one of his sons, a younger Simon, to join him with all the troops which he could collect in London and the south. The young man after some delay arrived at his father's strong castle of Kenilworth. He and his men took no precautions against surprise, and even slept outside the castle walls. Early in the morning of August 1, Prince Edward and his men were upon them whilst they were still asleep. Young Simon and a few others escaped into the castle, which was too well fortified to be easily taken, but the greater part of his troops were obliged to surrender. The elder Simon would hardly have had a sufficient force if his son's army had joined him; he was now terribly outnumbered.

Of this disaster he knew nothing, when on the following morning he crossed the Severn, and marched towards Kenilworth, where he expected to find his son. On the 4th he arrived at Evesham, bringing King Henry with him under guard. Before long he was told that a body of armed men was coming towards him. He heard the news with joy, as he believed the soldiers to be his son's; and in order to be sure of the truth, he sent his barber, who was a long-sighted man, to the top of the abbey tower. The barber's intelligence was encouraging. He saw young Simon's banners floating at the head of the advancing troops. As they drew nearer, Simon learned

that he had been bitterly deceived. The banners were indeed his son's, but they were in the hands of the enemy. That enemy was too strong to be overcome, and even flight was impossible for a whole army. Evesham lies within a loop of the winding river Avon, some miles below the town of Stratford, where the great Shakspeare was afterwards born. Edward had men enough to spare, and he had sent a detachment round to block the way of retreat over the bridge at the end of the loop. He himself bore down upon the town across the fields.

No one knew better than the old warrior that he had no hope of escape. 'May the Lord have mercy on our souls,' he prayed, 'for our bodies are undone!' He himself would stand and perish where he was; but a few might fly, and keep themselves for better times. One and all refused to live when their captain and their leader was dead. 'Come then,' said Simon, 'and let us die like men; for we have fasted here, and we shall breakfast in heaven.' Simon and his faithful band knelt down to ask forgiveness of their sins, and, in God's name, the Bishop of Worcester declared them to be absolved. Then Simon rose, and with his whole force dashed forward to meet the foe. 'By the arm of St. James!' he said, as he saw the orderly advance of the enemy, 'they come on well; they learnt that not of themselves, but of me.'

The battle, if indeed it deserves the name, could not be of long duration. Prince Edward bore down upon Simon's little army in front; Gloucester charged upon its flank; a third force which had been sent

to watch the bridge charged it in the rear. Simon's band of heroes was surrounded and outnumbered. Henry de Montfort, Simon's eldest son, was one of the first to be struck down. 'Is it so?' said the father, when the news was brought to him. 'Then indeed it is time for me to die.' He rushed into the thickest ranks of the enemy, slashing as he went with his sword. Prince Edward's men pressed round



BATTLE OF EVESHAM—DEATH OF SIMON DE MONTFORT.

him, and one coming behind him lifted his coat of mail and stabbed him in the back with a mortal wound.

The noblest heart in England had ceased to beat. Edward, barbarous in his triumph, allowed the body of the great leader to be brutally mutilated in scorn, and his comrades to be pitilessly slaughtered. The common people indeed revered him as a martyr

and a saint, and believed that miracles were wrought at his tomb. Poets sung how the precious flower of warriors had faded away, and how the land wept for the loss of him who had been victorious even in death.

It seems a strange thing to speak of him whose torn and bleeding corpse had lain upon the field at Evesham as victorious in his death. Yet no words could be more true. In the pages of history, as in our own experience, we sometimes meet with men who accomplish some great work which they have undertaken, and who die full of years and honours amidst the grateful thanks of those who have enjoyed the fruit of their labours. But there are others who specially call for our gratitude, whose whole life seems at the time to have been thrown away, who have aimed at that which they could not win, and who have struggled always against the stream, to be swept away in the end in some dark day of storm. These are, indeed, the heroes of the earth. It is not what a man accomplishes, but what he aims at which is the measure of his greatness, for it is the noble aim which makes him great and good.

‘That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it :
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.’

Simon had sought to accomplish no less a thing than to make England self-governing, that it might no longer be the prey of a spendthrift king, and of his foreign hangers-on who flocked across the

Channel like vultures to the carcase. When he died he left the country in the hands of that king who had done the wrong, and who seemed likely to return to his evil ways. Yet it was not so. By the side of Henry was now his son Edward, firm of will, and victorious in war. Edward had learnt other things from Simon than the military art. He had learnt to do justice, and to seek for justice by seeking to know the opinions of every class of the people. During the remainder of Henry's reign, Edward took care that wise laws should be made, and that Englishmen should have the mastery in England. When he came himself to be king, he upheld the principle that what was for the good of all should be consulted on by all. He gathered round him Parliaments even more complete than that which Simon had summoned, and there he strove to do justice to all. The spirit of the slain leader seemed to have passed into his conqueror.

It is given to no man, not even to Simon or to Edward, to make a free country. England is free, because for centuries before Simon was born Englishmen had been in the habit of discussing their own concerns, at least in their local assemblies, in meetings in town and country. But Simon is none the less worthy to be held in remembrance because he found followers ready to support him. His immediate failure may, in part indeed, be attributed to his own faults, his quick temper, and his contempt of men who were less in earnest than himself; but it was far more to be attributed to the jealousies of the great men, and to the unpreparedness of the middle

class to combine permanently in his support. He needs no monument of marble to be remembered by. Wherever a free Parliament meets and gives laws in the English tongue, there is Earl Simon's monument.





THE BLACK PRINCE.

EDWARD, the son of Edward III. and the father of Richard II., is commonly known as the Black Prince ; though no one is able to say with certainty why the name was given to him. Some think that it was because he wore black armour on some particular occasion, whilst other guesses have been made by other writers.

The prince was born in 1330. From his mother, the good Queen Philippa, he inherited that gentleness and courtesy which made him even more conspicuous than the bravery and love of war which he derived from his father. At the time of his

birth sixty-five years had passed since his great-grandfather, the Prince Edward who afterwards became Edward I., had defeated Simon de Montfort at Evesham. Those years had, on the whole, been years of progress for the English people. Edward I. had completed the work which Earl Simon had begun, and had gathered together a Parliament, in which the townsmen as well as the country gentlemen sat in the House of Commons, whilst the earls and barons, the bishops and the abbots, composed the House of Lords. From Parliaments so composed, Edward I. learned what were the needs of his subjects, and he governed wisely and justly. There were troubles in the reign of his son Edward II., and again in the beginning of the reign of Edward III.; but, in spite of these, Englishmen of all classes were growing accustomed to be consulted about their own affairs, and were more ready than before to trust one another, and to feel as if they belonged to a common country. If they wanted to obtain anything, instead of having to fight with one another in order to get it, they would try to persuade one another in Parliament that it was right that they should have it.

A country in which men of different classes have a friendly feeling towards one another, and in which the king is not able to ill-treat his subjects at his pleasure, is likely to be strong. Those who might have been employed in quarrelling with one another, or in resisting the king, were at leisure to join together against a foreign enemy; and during the years in which the Black Prince

was a boy, his father had no difficulty in inducing his English subjects to follow him against the French.

The quarrel between England and France arose from a variety of causes. The English Government and people were interested in the prosperity of the cities of Flanders, because the fine wool which was produced in abundance in England was made up into cloth in the Flemish manufacturing towns. They were therefore not well pleased when they heard that Philip VI., King of France, had taken part with the Count of Flanders against the manufacturing towns, which were filled with a population of artisans sufficiently proud of their numbers and their skill to wish to throw off his authority. Then, too, Philip was not unnaturally anxious to get into his hands that part of the Duchy of Aquitaine in the south-west of France which had descended to Edward III. as the remains of the inheritance of Queen Eleanor, the mother of Henry II., though he paid homage for it to the King of France as his superior. The two kings went to war, and, after they had been at war for some time, Edward III. formally put forward a claim to be the rightful king of all France. He was the son of the sister of the last king of France, whilst Philip was the son of that king's uncle. Philip held that, according to the custom of France, the crown could not belong to a woman or to the descendants of a woman. Edward held that, though there could be no queens in France, the son of the sister of the last king could succeed to the throne if that king

had left no children. Naturally, the French people took Philip's side, because they wished to have a king of their own who would always live amongst them, and not a king who was also king of England and would spend a great part of his time in a foreign country. When, therefore, Edward asserted his claim to the crown of France, it became certain that the war would go on till he had withdrawn it. The French would never admit it as long as they could fight at all; and even if they were so completely beaten as to be obliged to submit for a time, they would be sure to resist again as soon as they thought that they had the slightest chance of succeeding.

With all the reasons which Edward gave for the war the Black Prince had nothing to do. He was far too young to know anything about the matter. When the war began he was only eight years old, and he was only nine years old when his father, after some hesitation, finally and deliberately declared himself to be the rightful king of France. Under such circumstances a boy would not be likely to be troubled with scruples about the justice of the war. He would always hear it spoken of by those whom he loved and revered as a just war, and he would grow up with the simple thought of doing his duty to his father and his country when he became a man.

The prince was counted as a man early in life. He was but sixteen, in 1346, when his father took him with him to France. The war had been carried on for many years without any decided success on

land, though the English had gained a great victory at sea. The English troops now landed in Normandy. No French army was in the field to meet them, and they captured towns and pillaged at their pleasure. In those days knights and gentlemen treated one another with the utmost courtesy, but they did not scruple to ruin peasants and townsmen. Edward's object was to march to Calais, which had a convenient harbour opposite to Dover. As long as it was in the hands of the French, it might be used to give shelter to armed vessels by which English shipping might be attacked. If it fell into the hands of the English it would be a convenient place in which to land English armies for the invasion of France. Edward, however, did not find it so easy as he had expected to reach Calais from Normandy. The bridges across the Seine were broken down, and he marched up the western side of the river nearly as far as Paris looking for one. In the end, he had to build a new one, by which he crossed the river. Plundering and burning as he went, he then marched northwards towards Calais. He had need to make haste, as by this time Philip had collected a French army far more numerous than his own, and was known to be marching in pursuit.

Philip did not hurry himself. He knew that the river Somme was in front of Edward, and he believed that, as the bridges over it were broken down or safely guarded, Edward would be unable to cross. He thought that he had the English army in a trap, and he never doubted that he would be able to

destroy Edward's whole force, as he had 100,000 Frenchmen with him, and the highest estimate of the English troops does not put them above 34,000, and it is almost certain that there were not nearly so many as that. Edward knew that there was no time to be lost. He hurried on as fast as he could. At one place, when Philip arrived, there was every sign that the English had gone away in haste. He found the meat on the spits, bread and pastry in the ovens, wine in barrels, and even some tables ready spread. When Edward drew near the Somme he eagerly inquired whether any one could show him a ford across the river. A man stepped forward and informed him that at low tide he might cross below Abbeville, at a ford named Blanche Tache. When Edward reached the ford he found that there were 12,000 Frenchmen posted on the other side. As soon as the tide allowed a passage the English army plunged into the stream, drove off the enemy, and reached the north bank of the Somme in safety. If they had been beaten on the southern bank not a man would have escaped. If they were beaten on the northern side they could retreat for shelter to the friendly towns of Flanders.

Edward was not now obliged to fight at all; but, small as his army was, he disliked the idea of retreating further without trying his fortune in a battle. He halted at the village of Crécy, waiting till Philip arrived.

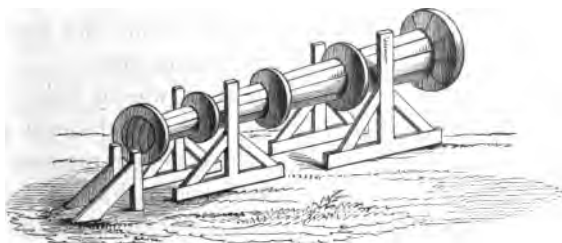
The battle of Crécy was fought on August 26, 1346. The English had rested well on the night before. In the morning Edward arranged his men

in order of battle. What he did showed that he was fit to lead an army. Up to that time the chief dependence of a commander had been on his men-at-arms, as they were called—that is to say, on the knights and gentlemen who rode on horseback clad in complete armour, and wielding long lances with which they could thrust their opponents to the ground. For some centuries these horsemen had been in high repute: because a heavy horse at full speed could easily ride down a great number of men on foot. Those who fought on foot were but of little account, being taken from amongst the peasants, and badly armed. In France every one who lived in the country and was not a gentleman was a peasant. In peace they were despised and ill-treated, and had to work for the gentlemen without receiving pay; in war they were sent out as foot soldiers, to be slaughtered by hundreds in every battle.

In England a different state of things prevailed. A large number of men had lands of their own without being gentlemen, and had not to work for any one but themselves. They were well off, lived contentedly at home, and had some leisure time. In the summer evenings and on holidays they were fond of exercising themselves with the long-bow. When the king went to war, many of these men followed him as archers. They could shoot farther and better than any other archers in Europe. It was in these men that Edward trusted.

Edward knew that if he was to be saved at all, he must be saved by his foot soldiers, and especially by his archers. He had so few horsemen that they

would inevitably have been ridden down by the swarms of the French men-at-arms. He therefore ordered his men-at-arms to dismount and to fight on foot. He drew up his forces in three divisions. He himself took the charge of the division in the rear, giving the command of one of the divisions in the front to his young son, the Black Prince, though he took care to surround him with able captains, who would know how to counsel him if any difficulties arose. According to an account of an Italian writer, cannons were used on this occasion by Edward for the



ANCIENT CANNON.

first time in war to throw little balls to frighten and destroy the horses. But as no one else mentions these cannons, they were either not there at all, or, if they were, they were so badly made as to do very little harm.

The greater part of the day passed away before the enemy appeared. The English quietly rested on the ground, and ate their dinners at mid-day. In the afternoon Philip drew near. His huge host was in disorder, as he had not expected that the scanty numbers of the English would await him. When

he heard that the enemy really meant to fight, he at first thought of putting off the battle till the next day. His army was weary with the long march, and needed rest. A French army was not, however, easy to command. The noblemen and gentlemen who followed the king to war were not under good discipline. Each one wanted to distinguish himself, and thought much more of getting a place in the front of the battle for himself than of contributing to the success of the whole army. Philip's order to halt was disobeyed. The knights in the rear pushed on, in order that it might not be said that they had stopped when they were farther from the enemy than their comrades who were in the front.

The bulk of the French army was by this time no better than a disorganised mob. But there was one part of it which might, under other circumstances, have done good service. Philip had with him 15,000 Genoese crossbow-men, trained to war and accustomed to obey orders. It is, however, of little use for a commander to have soldiers ready to obey, unless he himself knows how to command. As Philip looked upon the English he lost all self-control. In his hatred of the audacious islanders who had marched across his realm, he called upon the Genoese to advance at once to the fight. He forgot that they were weary and footsore after a march of some eighteen miles. An unexpected event made the consequences of the king's folly worse than they would otherwise have been. Dark clouds rolled up the sky, and torrents of rain splashed down, exhausting still more the exhausted men. When the

storm was over their bowstrings had been so wetted as to be almost useless, and the bright sun shining out full in their faces dazzled them so that they could not take aim. Yet the poor men did their best. They stepped forward shouting loudly, and shot off their bolts as well as they could. The English archers rose. They were wet through like the Genoese, but their bows were dry. They had bow cases with them, in which they had placed their weapons as soon as the rain began. Thick and swiftly flew the arrows, so that it seemed as if it snowed. The Genoese drew back and retreated.

Philip could not bear the sight. 'Kill me those scoundrels,' he called out to the gay men-at-arms who were mounted on their war-horses. At once they dashed amongst the unlucky Genoese, slashing at them and riding over them. The English archers enjoyed the strange spectacle, and relentlessly poured in a shower of arrows amongst enemies who were engaged in slaughtering one another.

After a while some of the French nobles remembered that they would be better employed in killing English soldiers than in trampling down their own men. A mighty host swept down upon the division over which the young prince held command. His archers were scattered, and the dismounted men-at-arms in the rear were attacked. The commanders of the other English division in the front sent to implore Edward to hasten to the succour of the prince. Edward thought more of his son's glory than of his safety. 'Is he dead, or unhorsed,' he

asked, 'or so wounded that he cannot help himself?' 'No, Sire, please God,' was the reply; 'but he is in a hard passage of arms, and he much needs your help.' 'Return,' answered the king, 'to those who have sent you, and tell them not to send to me again so long as my son lives; I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I wish, if God has so ordered it, that the day may be his, and that the honour may



BATTLE OF CRÉCY.—EDWARD REFUSING TO SEND RELIEF TO HIS SON.

rest with him and those to whom I have given it in charge.' Edward perhaps could see enough to think that his son was not really likely to be beaten. At all events, he did not think only of his own personal glory, as the French knights had done. The prince was able to hold his own, and his assailants after a while broke and fled with heavy loss.

Amongst those who were slain on the French

side was John, the blind king of Bohemia, who had joined the French army from sheer love of fighting. When he heard that the battle was going against his friends, he called upon his knights to lead him against the enemy. 'Lords,' he said, 'you are my vassals, my friends, and my companions; I pray you, and beg you, that you will lead me so far that I may strike a blow with my sword.' Two of them answered to his summons, and placed him between them, tying his bridle to theirs. He rode gallantly forwards and fought valiantly; but he and his knights were slain at last.

Before night Philip and his vast disorderly army were flying. The English had gained the victory; but they were too few to follow the defeated enemy. Edward was well pleased with his boy's prowess. 'Sweet son,' he said with pride, as he embraced the prince in the sight of the whole army, 'God give you good perseverance; you are my true son—right loyally have you acquitted yourself this day, and worthy are you of a crown.'

The battle of Crécy was one of the most notable in the history of the world. It is true that Edward's own victory brought no real advantage to England. For years Englishmen would be able to march hither and thither over France to burn, spoil, and slay at their pleasure. This only made the conquerors behave more like robbers and less like soldiers than before. The importance of Crécy did not lie in advantages won by the victory, but in the men by whom the victory was won. For centuries the nobility and gentry had had everything their own way on the

continent. They now learned that common men, who were neither nobles nor gentlemen, could beat them in the field. The bow and arrow in the hands of a sturdy disciplined force drawn from the class which in England tilled their own fields without being serfs, had beaten the proudest chivalry of France. The arrow in the thirteenth century, like



BOWMAN WITH CROSSBOW.

the musket in the sixteenth, was the great equaliser of classes. The gay noblemen, bright with steel armour, and decked in a magnificent attire resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow, might charge on their war-horses to crush the archers in homely attire who were waiting for them. If only the horsemen could reach them the archers would be ridden over and trodden down. Unluckily for the

horsemen the arrow in its flight was too quick. It found out the weak points in their armour, and man and horse rolled on the ground before the intervening space could be passed over.

The new superiority of foot soldiers to horse soldiers would in time lead to the political superiority of the men who wielded bows over the men who charged on horseback. The gentry and nobles would have to consult those who had less property than themselves. It was this that was being done in England. England had good archers, because there were so many of her sons who were independent of the great lords, and who were active and energetic, and it was not likely that when the archers of Crécy returned home they or their comrades would simply do the bidding of the noblemen. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the reign of Edward III. was the reign in which the House of Commons was gaining power. It was, indeed, very far from becoming what it is now. It did not control the government, or set up and pull down ministries. But the country squires and merchants who composed it spoke in the name of a strong and a united people, and they could therefore venture to remonstrate, instead of letting the king and the lords have everything their own way.

If the name of the Black Prince was dear to Englishmen at the time, and if his memory is held in reverence by their posterity, it is not merely because he made a gallant defence at Crécy. His fame rests on the fact that though he was limited in his sympathies to those things which

were held in honour by the gentlemen of his own time amidst whom he lived, yet whatever was by them thought to be right he could do more excellently and more nobly than any one else. His father was a gallant soldier, and in some things he did his best in the government of England; but in many respects his character was low. In dealing with the House of Commons he would sometimes unblushingly break the promises which he had made, and on the faith of which he had received large sums of money. The Black Prince never deceived any man. He was in battle skilful and valiant, and was courteous and gentle to his vanquished foes; unless, indeed, they were mere peasants, who were in that age not considered by gentlemen to be entitled to any consideration. The father regarded the House of Commons as a body of men easily to be tricked out of their money. The son understood what it really was, the representative assembly of the middle class of Englishmen, who were worthy of being guided to good and noble ends.

The victory of Crécy was followed by the capture of Calais, and Edward III. and his son then returned to England in triumph. Three years later they were both sharers in a great naval victory off Sandwich over the Spaniards, who had become the allies of France. The lesson of courtesy and forbearance to all men is hard to learn, and even at this day there are many men who would show kindness to a fellow-creature in a white skin which they would refuse to one in a black skin. In the time of the Black Prince a knight who would treat a

wounded gentleman with kindness would pitilessly leave a peasant to die ; and, what was stranger still, would show mercy to a soldier which they would never think of according to a sailor : the crews of the captured ships were thrown into the sea to drown.

Five years later, in the autumn of 1355, the prince set forth, at the age of twenty-four, at the head of an expedition, the purpose of which was to invade the south of France. In an age when every gentleman loved fighting for its own sake, and when no gentleman cared for the harm which he might do to peasants and tradesmen, even the Black Prince thought it no shame to march about the country, with his English soldiers and their Gascon allies, burning towns and farms, and carrying off what booty was to be found. 'There was great persecution of men, women, and children, which was pity,' is the remark of a writer of the day. 'You must know,' continues the same writer, 'that this was, before, one of the fat countries of the world, the people good and simple, who did not know what war was, and no war had ever been waged against them before the Prince of Wales came. The English and Gascons found the country full and gay, the rooms furnished with carpets and draperies, the caskets and chests full of beautiful jewels. But nothing was safe from these robbers. They, especially the Gascons, who are very greedy, carried off everything.'

The next year, 1356, the Black Prince set out on a similar expedition through the centre of France. After pillaging and burning, he heard

that the King of France, John, the son of the Philip who had been beaten at Crécy, was on the march to take vengeance on him. The English army consisted of no more than 8,000 men, and it seemed folly to await the 50,000 Frenchmen who were under the command of John. The Black Prince therefore attempted to retreat with his plunder to Bordeaux. The French army contrived to outstrip him and to bar his way. In the French camp every man was certain that no Englishman would escape.

Young as he was, the Black Prince behaved like a skilful captain. He drew up his men on a rising ground, with hedges and ditches in front, and with no way of approach except along a narrow lane. The greater number of the knights and gentlemen were ordered to dismount and to fight on foot, as had been done at Crécy. The King of France was not left in ignorance of the difficulties in his way. 'How are they posted?' he asked of a knight whom he had sent forward to observe the position of the English army. 'Sire,' was the answer, 'they are strongly posted; they are well defended with hedges and bushes lined with their bowmen, so that you cannot get at them without passing among the bowmen, and there is only one road to them, with room for only four men-at-arms abreast. At the end of the hedge, among vines and thorns, where it is impossible to skirmish, are their men-at-arms, all on foot, and their bowmen are in front of them after the fashion of a harrow, and you cannot get to them except among their bowmen, whom it will not be easy to discomfit.'

Before the battle began, a cardinal who was with the French army was allowed to take a message to the Black Prince to persuade him to surrender. The Prince knew that the odds were heavily against him, and agreed to surrender if the honour of himself and his men were respected. He would give up all the towns that he had captured, would liberate his prisoners, and would swear not to fight against France for seven years. John hesitated, and felt inclined to accept such terms; but at last he replied that he would not agree to them unless the Prince and a hundred of his knights would surrender themselves as prisoners.

The next morning the battle began. John had arranged that three hundred knights alone should remain on horseback, and should break up the lines of the English archers, after which their comrades were to follow on foot to complete the work of destruction. The three hundred charged gallantly along the lane which led to the English position. But the hedges on either side were lined with bowmen, and the arrows struck down men and horses as they came rushing past. In a moment all was in confusion, horses rolling over one another and crushing their riders as they fell. Those who could struggle out of the lane broke in upon the ranks of the French army which had followed them in the rear. The Prince had expected such a kind to happen. He had left only a few knights on horseback, and had placed the rest on the enemy's flank. These now charged the main French

army, and threw it into confusion. The Black Prince advanced with the rest of his men. The French fought hard, but they were mastered at last, and before the battle was over King John surrendered himself a prisoner.

King John was given over to the Black Prince. That prince was not one of those men who, like Simon de Montfort, anticipate the thoughts and feelings of a later generation. He had no political schemes which his contemporaries could not understand, and no morality better than that of his comrades. He had made no objection when the Spanish sailors were flung into the sea to drown, and he had never interfered to stop the plundering and slaughter which had been going on whenever his army appeared on French soil. But to be chivalrous, that is to say, to be courteous and unselfish in the treatment of gentlemen, was at that time regarded as an indispensable mark of a gentleman, and the conduct of the Black Prince to his prisoner has always been remembered as an example of what chivalry ought to be. He at once ordered supper for the king, and stood behind his chair to wait upon him, praising his conduct and his bravery in the battle. 'All on our side,' he said, 'who have seen you and your knights are agreed about this, and give you the prize and the chaplet, if you will wear it.' When in the next spring the Prince returned to England, bringing with him the principal captives, he placed King John in a different ship from that in which he himself embarked, lest he should be annoyed by being too near a witness of the congratulations with which

his conqueror was certain to be greeted. When the Prince arrived in London he assigned to the King a magnificent white horse, riding himself on a much smaller black one. So great was the applauding crowd that the procession did not reach Westminster till nine hours after it had left London Bridge.

Two years afterwards, in 1359, the Prince accompanied his father on a fresh invasion of France. There was no French army to meet them in the field. This time the victorious English found that their method of carrying on war had ceased to be profitable. So utterly was France wasted and ruined, that there was difficulty in procuring food for the plunderers. They marched hither and thither in excellent military order, a hungry army amongst a starving people. It was a wet autumn too, and the rain poured in torrents. Everything around them was full of wretchedness and misery. 'I could not believe,' wrote an Italian about this time, 'that this was the same kingdom which I had once seen so rich and flourishing. Nothing presented itself to my eyes but a fearful solitude, an extreme poverty, land uncultivated, houses in ruins. Even the neighbourhood of Paris manifested everywhere marks of destruction and conflagration. The streets are deserted, the roads overgrown with weeds, the whole is a vast solitude.'

Edward had hoped to complete his successes by the siege and capture of Paris, but the weather was so bad that he put off the undertaking till the following year. In the spring he set off for Paris. On the way he was met by offers of peace from the

Duke of Normandy, the eldest son of the captive King of France. At first Edward refused to treat unless he were acknowledged to be the lawful King of France. In the end, however, he gave way, being terrified, it is said, by a violent hailstorm, which he regarded as a sign of God's anger against him for the hardness of his heart. A treaty was signed at Bretigny, in which he gave up his claims to the throne of France. On the other hand King John was to be released, on a promise to pay by instalments an enormous ransom, and the whole of Aquitaine was, together with Calais, and the County of Ponthieu, the district in which Crécy was situated, ceded to Edward in full sovereignty, so that the King of France could no longer claim any rights over him as his feudal superior in these territories.

The next year the Black Prince at last took a wife, the Fair Maid of Kent, as she was still called, though she had already had two husbands. In 1362 he was made Duke of Aquitaine, and sent to rule over the lands lately acquired from France. The task with which he was entrusted was indeed difficult. It is true that Aquitaine, stretching as it did from the Pyrenees almost to the Loire, had not been French at heart till a very recent period. It had for centuries been governed by rulers who had not been also rulers of France, and as the heiress of those rulers had married our Henry II., it had for some time been under the rule of the English kings, though part of it had recently passed under the dominion of the King of France. But latterly an attachment to France had grown up amongst a

population whose language was not very different from that spoken at Paris. When the treaty of Bretigny was being executed, the men of Rochelle prayed the King of France, 'for God's sake, not to release them from their fealty to him.' They would rather pay half of their property to him in taxes than fall into the hands of the English. 'We will obey the English with our lips,' they said, when they were made to understand that nothing could be done for them, 'but our hearts shall never be moved towards them.' In Gascony, too, the nobles bitterly declared that the King of France had no right to abandon them to a foreign conqueror.

It was not likely that Aquitaine would, under any circumstances, have remained long under an English ruler. King John died, and was succeeded by his son, the Duke of Normandy, as Charles V., usually known as Charles the Prudent. Charles wished for nothing so much as to undo the treaty of Bretigny, and to rule in Aquitaine as he ruled in the other provinces of France. But he was wise enough to wait for a good opportunity, and it was not long before the Black Prince gave him one.

The King of Castille, the largest of the kingdoms into which Spain was at that time divided, was Pedro, a brutal man, who is known as Pedro the Cruel. He had already murdered several persons, one of whom was his own wife. This monster was, in 1366, dethroned by his half-brother, Henry of Trastamara, who appeared in Castille with a large army, composed mainly of Frenchmen, and directed by Bertrand du Guesclin, a valiant and skilful soldier. The fugitive

Pedro took refuge with the Black Prince at Bordeaux, and implored him to replace him on the throne.

Good counsel was not wanting to the Black Prince. The Gascon nobles implored him not to help so wicked a man to regain the power to commit further acts of wickedness. The Prince would not listen to them. He was afraid lest an ally of France should continue to occupy Castille. 'The throne,' he said,



THE BLACK PRINCE AND DON PEDRO.

'was Pedro's by right. All kings and sons of kings should never consent to his dethronement. It would be a great blow to the Royal State.'

In these words the Prince showed the worst side of his character, or, perhaps, it would be more fair to say, the worst side of the character of the age in which he lived. Men were classified into different ranks and orders, and each rank was understood to

have rights of its own. The idea that all ranks only exist for the good of the whole community scarcely existed. There was even less of this feeling in the time of the Black Prince than there had been in the time of Simon de Montfort, when Henry III. had been taught that he did not rule for his own gratification, but for the good of his subjects. Edward III. had devastated France in order that he might be its king, and now his son made ready an expedition to replace a murderer on the throne of Castile : partly because he had by birth a right to reign there ; partly because he was jealous of French influence to the south of the Pyrenees.

For a time the Prince succeeded in his evil purpose. Gathering an army he invaded Spain, won a great victory at Navarrete, drove Henry off the throne, and placed Pedro upon it. It was all the success he was to have. His men perished by thousands from diseases engendered either by the climate of Spain or by the eagerness with which they feasted on unripe grapes. The Prince himself was smitten down by an illness which some attributed to poison, and which never left him till the end of his life.

Other troubles besides these bodily ones were in store for the Prince. He had embarked on his enterprise in the belief that Pedro, who had promised to find the money needed for the war, would keep his word. When he reminded Pedro of his engagement, the Spaniard, after murdering as many Castilians as he could lay hands upon, went off to Seville, pretending that he wished to collect the money. Not a penny of it was ever paid, and the Black

Prince, not being able to go to Seville to punish the faithless man whom he had saved, was obliged to return to Bordeaux with mutinous soldiers clamouring for their wages.

Pedro did not long survive his treachery. As soon as his protector had departed Henry returned with his French allies and defeated Pedro. The two brothers met only to upbraid one another. From words they fell to blows. Pedro was the stronger of the two, and in the deadly wrestle he got his brother under him. He was just about to stab him, when Du Guesclin fell upon him and threw him on the ground. Henry drew his sword and slew his brother as he lay.

The Black Prince, therefore, had accomplished nothing by his invasion of Spain. But he had to bear the consequence of his wrong-doing. His soldiers must be paid, and in order to enable himself to pay them he proposed to tax the men of Aquitaine. If he was to levy this tax he must obtain the consent of the Aquitanian nobles in their Parliament. That consent was not to be had, yet in spite of their refusal the Prince insisted upon collecting the tax. The lords of Aquitaine appealed against him to King Charles of France.

Charles had no right to interfere. By the treaty of Bretigny he had ceded all his rights over Aquitaine to the King of England. But he did not care for that. He summoned the Black Prince to appear before him in Paris to answer to the complaint of the lords. 'Willingly,' replied the Prince when the message reached him, 'we will go to Paris, as

the King of France orders it ; but it shall be with helmet on head and 60,000 men with us.'

The war between France and England began again. Edward and his son soon found that Charles was not as easily overcome as his father and grandfather had been. He took care to avoid pitched battles, and was always ready to seize a castle here and there when it was possible to do so. Again the English ravaged and destroyed. But they had a skilful enemy in Du Guesclin, who cut off small parties whenever they strayed far from their main army. Many of the knights of Aquitaine who had hitherto served the English now went over to the French, and on one occasion Du Guesclin was able to march within five miles of Bordeaux, the English capital of Aquitaine.

The Black Prince had done nothing to make good his boast that he would march to Paris with 60,000 men. He would have found it difficult to gather so large an army of faithful men in Aquitaine, and his own ill health made it impossible for him to ride at the head of an army. At last he was exasperated by news that the Bishop of Limoges had betrayed that town to the French. He swore that he would retake it, and, gathering a force of about 5,000 men, he set off towards the place. Being too ill to sit on horseback, he was carried in a litter. After a month's siege the wall was broken down by the explosion of a mine, and the English soldiers rushed in. Soured by his illness, and by the consciousness of failure, he ordered his troops to take vengeance on the inhabitants for the treachery

of their bishop. 'It was great pity,' wrote Froissart, the chronicler who has recorded the history of these wars, 'for men, women, and children threw themselves on their knees before the Prince, crying "Mercy! mercy! gentle sire!" He would not listen to their cries; and there is no man so hard of heart that, if he had then been in the city of Limoges, and had thought of God, would not have wept tenderly over the great mischief which was there; for more than 3,000 persons, men, women, and children, were killed that day. God have mercy on their souls, for they were truly martyrs!'

The Prince had no compassion on this innocent multitude; but he had not lost his old sympathy for a gallant feat of arms. Three French knights had struggled to the last, and were still fighting bravely as the unpitying conqueror was borne along the street in his litter. His heart melted at the sight of their gallantry, and he suffered these at least to be spared. They were knights, and knights knew then how to give fitting acknowledgment of the bravery of a knightly enemy, though they did not know how to show common humanity to those who were beneath them in rank.

The capture of Limoges was the Black Prince's last deed of war. His health grew worse and worse, and in 1371 he was forced to return to England. The condition of England was not satisfactory. It has been said by a modern writer that the nation which profits most by a war is the one which is beaten. It learns to seek into the causes of its misfortunes and to correct its faults. The victorious

nation is too apt to think that it will always be victorious, and that it has nothing calling for amendment. This was certainly true of England and France in the reign of Edward III. Whilst France was learning how to repair its disasters, England was content to enjoy the plunder which it had gained. After Crécy and Poitiers, thousands had returned home laden with booty. The riches which had been easily gained were easily spent. For a time mirth and jollity spread over the land. Never had the dress of the ladies and gentlemen been so gorgeous, or their banquets so sumptuous. Unhappily not only knights and gentlemen, but the freemen who were neither knights nor gentlemen, had brought with them hardened hearts. They had grown accustomed to burn and destroy, and to treat the sufferings of the class beneath them as beneath their attention.

That class was that of the bulk of the tillers of the soil, who were either labourers working for hire, or villeins, as they were called in England, who paid for the pieces of land which they called their own by labouring for their lords, unless, as by this time was often the case, they had changed their payment in labour into a payment in money. A sad calamity had come to make their labour far more profitable than it had been before. The Black Death, the most terrible plague on record, had swept away at least a half of the population of England. Where there had been two in the field or in the house, one had been taken and the other left. The whole land was filled with mourning.

As that mourning passed away, the labourers and the villeins found their work had become twice as valuable as it had been. Where there had been labourers enough to finish a piece of work, there were now only half as many as were able to do it. Two masters would be running after one workman. The workman naturally expected to have his wages doubled. The masters naturally disliked having to pay so much, and they also tried to force those villeins who had freed themselves from labour by paying a rent in money to put themselves under the old yoke, and to work again for their lords. The labourers, however, had no votes for members of Parliament, and the House of Commons was filled with gentlemen and merchants. Parliament, therefore, passed an iniquitous law, called the Statute of Labourers, by which the labourers were to be punished if they ever ventured to ask for more wages than those which they had received before the ravages of the Black Death. Such a law could never secure complete obedience; but it gave rise to a bitter ill-feeling between the gentlemen and the labouring classes, which some years later led to the rebellion which was headed by Wat Tyler.

Only a very great man in the position of the Black Prince could have been likely to take the part of the labourers, as Simon de Montfort had taken the part of the citizens. He must have been able to feel sympathy more widely than any one else in his time could feel it, and to make himself a martyr for the sake of a class which was despised by his comrades. For the labourers of England the Black

Prince had no more sympathy than he had with the population of Limoges. No doubt it is true that his ill-health prevented him for a long time after his return from mixing himself up in public affairs. Yet that cannot have been altogether the cause, for he roused himself at last, and when he did rouse himself it was on behalf of a class very different from that of the labourers.

Since the Prince's return, everything in France had been going against the English. Before the end of 1374 all Aquitaine except Bordeaux and Bayonne was lost. In England matters were almost as bad. The king had lost all power of governing. Attacked by a disease, which was probably softening of the brain, he was incapable of coming to a decision, and was a mere tool in the hands of a worthless and unprincipled woman, Alice Perrers. In league with her was the king's second son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was incompetent alike in war and in peace, and who wished to see power in the hands of the great nobles.

The great nobles, in fact, were by this time dissatisfied with their lot. They had no longer open to them the chance of winning fame and booty in France, and at home, in spite of the Statute of Labourers, they found that it was impossible to obtain the services of the peasants and labourers on the same terms as before. Many of them, therefore, cast a greedy eye on the estates of the clergy. It was true that the higher clergy were not saintly despisers of the world. They were often immersed in business, and became ministers of state instead

of attending to the duties of their offices. It may be that it could not be helped, and that if they had not undertaken the work of governing the country there would not have been found any one among the laity capable of doing it; and it is certain that John of Gaunt and his noble allies wanted to get possession of the lands and money of bishops and abbots, and did not really care whether those whom they attacked were good men or bad ones.

John of Gaunt at least could not boast of his own good conduct. The time in which he exercised power was a time when ministers of state, appointed through his influence, were tyrannical and corrupt. The rule of the nobles came to be regarded as the same thing as a rule stained with corruption and rapacity.

The middle class, the country squires and the tradesmen of the towns who composed the House of Commons, felt deeply aggrieved. Yet they could not make their dissatisfaction known, as for the unusual interval of three years no Parliament was summoned. When at last it met, the House of Commons looked for a leader, and found one in the Prince of Wales.

It is quite possible that the Black Prince was aroused from his sick bed by rumours that the Duke of Lancaster intended, as soon as his father and his elder brother were dead, to seize upon the throne, instead of allowing it to be occupied by young Richard, the son of the Black Prince. If he did this he would not be without arguments on his side. No young boy had ever been allowed to sit upon the

throne since the days of Ethelred the Unready, and John might argue that it would be well to revive the old custom, in accordance with which a grown-up brother or uncle was preferred to a son who was a child. The reality of the danger may have driven the Black Prince to break his melancholy silence. Yet it was not merely on personal grounds that he resolved to step forward. If he had no wish to make the English constitution or English society better than it was, he wished that it should not grow worse. The aggrieved gentry and tradesmen, and still more the assailed clergy, were no peasants struggling to shake off the bonds with which custom had bound them for centuries ; they were persons with a recognised position in the world, whom the Black Prince could respect as he had respected his royal prisoner at Poitiers or the knightly combatants at Limoges.

When the Parliament, ever to be known in history as the Good Parliament, met in 1376, the Commons knew that they were to have the support of the Prince. They demanded an account of all receipts and expenditure before they would grant money to the king. John of Gaunt was excessively angry. 'What,' he said, 'do these base and ignoble knights attempt? Do they think they be the kings and princes of the land? I think they know not what power I am of. I will, therefore, early in the morning appear unto them so glorious, and will show such power among them, and with such vigour I will terrify them that neither they nor theirs shall dare henceforth to provoke me to wrath.' Nothing came of this violent speech. The

Duke was reminded that the Prince supported the Commons, and he did his best to conceal his anger till a more fitting opportunity.

The Commons proceeded to make further demands. They asked for a new council in which no important matter should be settled without unanimous consent, and their request was at once granted. Amongst the names of the new councillors that of the Duke of Lancaster did not appear. Further demands were then made. Those who had been guilty of making their own fortunes by plundering the king and his subjects were to be punished. The first to be selected were Richard Lyons and Lord Latimer, who were charged with having set duties upon merchandise higher than the law allowed, and with buying up all the goods which were imported into the country, and selling them again at exorbitant prices. Lyons knew that he had a more powerful assailant to deal with than was to be found in the House of Commons. He packed 1,000*l.* in a barrel and sent them as a present to the Prince. The Prince at once returned the barrel with its contents. Lyons was accused by the Commons before the Lords, and the Lords sentenced him to imprisonment. Other offenders received punishment, and these trials were the first instances of impeachments—that is to say, of the accusation of Ministers of the Crown by the Commons before the House of Lords. There would be many more in time to come, when the Commons were strong and the king was weak ; but they would hardly have occurred so soon if King Edward had not been imbecile, and his son, the most honoured

of Englishmen, had not warmly supported those who brought the charge.

How little the Commons could as yet do, if left to their own resources, was soon to be seen. On June 8 the Black Prince died, worn out with disease and with the excitement of the Parliamentary struggle. Without him the Commons



TOMB OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

could do nothing. The Duke of Lancaster came again into power, and the old abuses reappeared.

The Black Prince lies buried in Canterbury Cathedral. On his tomb is carved in stone the figure of the warrior who led the English ranks at Crécy and Poitiers. Above him hangs to this day his helmet and the coat which he wore over his armour in fight. His life was stained by some actions which in our time not even the worst of men would be

tempted to commit. His was not one of those great souls which rise above the standard of their age, and create by their resolute will opportunities of virtue and happiness which their contemporaries do not dream of. Yet, with all his faults, he is worthy of a high place in our country's story. It is not for those whose own life is but as that of their fellows, and whose own minds are content with evil practices which the world around them does not blame, to find fault with the gallant prince because his particular errors were different from those which can be committed in the present century.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



SIR THOMAS MORE.

THOMAS MORE, who was born in 1478, was the son of a successful lawyer. His father, who was anxious that the boy should be brought up to his own profession, sent him to school to learn Latin, and afterwards placed him, at the age when a young gentleman of our time would be still at school, in the household of Cardinal Morton. It was in those days the habit of people who could well afford to keep their children at home to send them to live in a great man's house, the boys to wait upon the master, and the girls upon the mistress. In this way they learnt how to behave in a proper way, a lesson which it was very necessary to teach them at a time when manners amongst the mass of the people were more unrefined than they are now.

To be in the household of Cardinal Morton was a special privilege for the lad. Morton was a remarkable man, who, as chief minister to King Henry VII., was doing all he could to fill the king's treasury. When the taxes did not bring in as much money as was wanted, the cardinal used to ask the wealthy citizens of London to make up the deficiency by giving presents to the king. If any one refused, the cardinal had two arguments ready, one or other of which he used to each of the citizens, so that these arguments were commonly known as 'Cardinal Morton's fork.' If the citizen happened to live in a very economical way, he was told that he must have saved a large quantity of money, and that he would therefore have something to spare for the king. If he lived in great state and splendour, he was told that this showed that he must be very rich, and must therefore have something to spare for the king. The citizens found it difficult to reply to these questions, and the cardinal succeeded in getting as much money as he wanted.

Morton, however, was much more than a mere collector of revenue. He was a shrewd and accomplished statesman, who had taken a leading part in the revolution which overthrew the House of York and placed the House of Tudor on the throne. He was the first to predict the future eminence of the boy who was entrusted to his charge. When plays were acted at Christmas time in the cardinal's hall, it often happened that the players were too dull to give amusement. Young More would on such occasions step forward, and, taking up a part

which he invented on the spur of the moment, would delight the audience by his readiness and wit. 'This child waiting at table,' said Morton to the noblemen who dined with him, 'whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man.'

At the age of fourteen young More was sent by Morton to Oxford, according to the custom which then prevailed amongst bishops of paying the expenses of the education of promising young men.

Oxford was at that time a place where an intelligent lad would learn much that had not been thought of in the time of his father. Only very lately Greek had been studied at Oxford. There had been a hard struggle between the old men who thought that all learning in which they had not been instructed in their youth must be bad, and the young men who wanted to learn something new. Before More arrived the young men had prevailed, and Greek was now being taught at the University.

It is difficult for any of us now quite to understand what a change the study of Greek brought about in the end of the fifteenth century. At present there are thousands of persons in England who can enjoy the works of great writers, but who yet cannot read any language but their own. No doubt, it is true that they lose much enjoyment by not being able to read great works in other languages, but at least they are able to study one of the noblest literatures upon earth. They can read Shakspeare and Milton, Burke and Scott, in their

own mother-tongue. When More was a boy no English writer of repute except Chaucer had as yet written anything, and Chaucer's language was even then not easy to understand without explanation, and at that time there was no one who took the trouble to explain it. Even if men could read French, there was as yet no French literature worth reading; and the great German writers did not begin to write till about 250 years later. Italian was the only language of modern Europe in which books that are still held to be worth reading had then been written.

In learning Greek young More gained the power of reading some of the noblest poems and histories and philosophic writings which the world had seen, as well as of studying the New Testament in the language in which it had been written. The pleasure of such study would be more than doubled if he could meet with friends and teachers who would lead him to understand the books that he read. Such a man he found in Colet, who was doing his best to discover the plain meaning of the words of the New Testament. Young as More was, Colet loved him for his gentleness, as well as for his intelligence, and a friendship was formed between them which was not dissolved in later years.

More's stay at Oxford was not very long. His father was afraid lest, if he remained there, he might be disinclined to embark on the study of the law, to which he had destined him. The boy obeyed his father's summons to return home, probably not without reluctance; and the next few years of his

life were spent in legal studies in London. He became a lawyer, and in 1504, when he was only twenty-six years old, he was elected a member of the House of Commons.

The House of Commons was, in the reign of Henry VII., a most loyal body. During the Wars of the Roses, the nobles and the great landowners had had everything their own way. They had often done deeds of violence, and, by obtaining the selection of their own dependents as jurymen, had prevented those who complained of their proceedings from obtaining justice in courts of law. Besides this, all who wished to live at peace with their neighbours were tired of the slaughter and misery caused by the civil wars, and were delighted when they found that Henry VII. was able to secure peace and to keep the great nobles in order. In the House of Commons, therefore, the king was excessively popular, and the members were so much afraid of weakening his authority that they were inclined to let him have almost anything he might ask for.

The Parliament in which More took his seat was requested by the king to grant an unusually large tax. Accustomed to do as they were bidden, the Commons were just about to vote that it should be paid, when young More rose to oppose it. His reasons were favourably listened to, and the tax was refused. A courtier who told the king what had happened informed him that 'a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose.' The king got in the end little more than a quarter of the sum for which he had

asked. As might be expected, he was exceedingly angry, and, not being able to punish More, he took his revenge by imprisoning his father on some pretext or other, and by not releasing him till he had paid a heavy fine. More himself wisely kept out of Henry's way. He was now happier than in attending courts or parliaments. He devoted his time to his books and studies, and to the pleasant society of that wandering scholar, the Dutchman Erasmus, who, full of wit and wisdom, had made his acquaintance during a former visit to England.

These days of enforced retirement from the world were not without profit to More. He found time for something besides study. He learnt to think deeply on his own faults, and he filled his mind with the firm purpose to repent of his sins and to seek for Divine guidance to amend his life. To our eyes it would seem as if there had been but little to amend; but it is almost always true that those who seem to others the purest and the best are themselves the most conscious of their faults. It is the evil doer who imagines that he is without sin. It was probably from this time that More began secretly to wear a shirt of haircloth next his skin, to be a perpetual reminder to himself of his weaknesses and his errors.

More, however, had no thought of leaving the society of men. In the year after his first appearance in Parliament he married. A man who marries usually chooses for a wife the woman who pleases him best. It was characteristic of More that he allowed a different motive to guide him. He was a

visitor at the house of a gentleman named Colt, who had three daughters, all good and honest girls. Of the three More preferred the second, yet he abstained from offering to marry her. He could not help thinking that the eldest would probably be very disappointed if her younger sister were married before her. This thought made him pity her, and soon pity grew to love. He married the eldest, and never had any reason to repent of his choice.

Gradually More had returned to the practice of his profession. Yet he can hardly have felt himself quite safe as long as Henry VII. lived. In 1509, however, the old king died, and More was ready heartily to welcome the new king, Henry VIII., and to congratulate him on his accession.

From Henry VIII. More and his friends expected much. Amongst the mass of Englishmen the new king was popular, because he was young and handsome, had a kind word or a jest for everybody, and held the first place in all athletic sports. More and his fellow-students knew that Henry VIII. was fond of learning, and that all who tried to dispel the ignorance which prevailed would be welcome to him. Of the darker side of his character they as yet knew nothing.

A year after Henry's accession Erasmus was staying as a visitor in More's house, where he composed a witty and satirical book, 'The Praise of Folly.' In this book is pointed out the foolishness of mankind in general. Learned men, according to Erasmus, spun out of their own brains the doctrines which they taught, whilst religious men had all sorts

of fanciful ideas about a religious life, although they neglected the practice of faith and charity. Nor did Erasmus shrink from attacking the great and powerful. 'It is the duty,' he put forward Folly as saying, 'of a true prince to seek the public, and not his own private advantage. From the laws . . . he must not himself deviate by a finger's breadth. He is responsible for the integrity of his officials and magistrates. By my aid'—Erasmus is still speaking in Folly's name—'Princes cast such cares as these to the winds, and care only for their own pleasure. They think they fill their position, if they hunt with diligence, if they keep good horses, if they can make gain to themselves by the sale of offices and places, if they can daily devise new means of undermining the wealth of citizens and raking it into their own exchequer, disguising the iniquity of such proceedings by some specious pretence and show of legality.'

Whilst Erasmus was thus, in the name of Folly, satirising the folly of his contemporaries, Colet, More's other friend, who was now Dean of St. Paul's, was giving up a large amount of his private property in founding St. Paul's school, in order that there should be a place in London where boys might be trained in sound learning and religion, without being subjected to that brutal flogging which in those days fell to the lot even of the best-conducted children.

For some years after the accession of Henry VIII., More continued to live a quiet life. He was making a large fortune at the bar. He wrote a history of

the reign of Richard III., a subject on which he must have learned much from the lips of his old master, Cardinal Morton. After his wife's death he was married a second time to one who helped him to train his four motherless children. With those children he was always happy, amusing them as well as teaching them. He was as ready to join them in a visit to their pet rabbits or their pet monkey as he was to lead them easily in the paths of knowledge. Yet, unobtrusive as his life was, he was not unobservant of passing affairs. There was little in the course of politics which could have given him pleasure. Henry VIII., indeed, was still fond of the society of learned and thoughtful men, and he would take real delight when these men in conversation with himself argued in opposition to his opinions, though he showed no mercy to those who attempted to thwart his will by stirring up his subjects against him. Henry VIII., as was said, knew a man when he saw him. Even when he was most imperious and most determined to have his own way, he did not like a poor-spirited flatterer who had no mind of his own. Yet the way which he was taking was not the one in which More or Colet or Erasmus liked to see him. He had raked up the old claims of Edward III. to the crown of France, and had made war upon the Continent in order to reconquer at least part of the territory which he claimed as his inheritance. But he was not so good a military commander as the Black Prince had been, and in his time France was far stronger than it had been in the days of Crécy and Poitiers. He had met with very little success,

and with much failure. To support this useless war he had persuaded Parliament to vote enormous taxes, which weighed heavily upon the poor as well as upon the rich. The condition of the poor was growing worse and worse. An Act of Parliament renewed much of the Statute of Labourers, and directed that the wages of the labourers should be kept low. The small proprietors of land too were falling into poverty, and were being tempted to sell their property to their richer neighbours. The purchasers formed large sheep farms, which they found to be excessively profitable, as the sale of wool at that time brought in much more money than that of corn. The former proprietors, as soon as they had spent the purchase-money of their land, were reduced to beggary, as there was but little manufacturing employment in England to which they could turn.

On all these misfortunes More meditated deeply. In 1515 and the following year he wrote a book in which he intended to point out the causes of the mischief and to suggest the remedies. He knew better than to write a dry political argument, which might be full of wisdom, but which would not attract many readers. He preferred to interest as well as to instruct, and the 'Utopia,' as the book is called, is one that can be read with almost greater interest at the present day than at the time when it was written. Its title 'Utopia' is a Greek word meaning 'Nowhere,' and More, by choosing to discourse of people who lived in Nowhere, was able freely to express his opinion about the conduct of the people in England.

Even if the 'Utopia' had contained no lessons worth consideration, the thought which was in the writer's mind would have made it a remarkable work. The books which had been read by the Black Prince spoke of the world as if it had been made for kings and princes, knights and nobles. Peasants and artisans were looked upon as having no rights. The fighting men of the time robbed or slew them without compunction, whilst the legislators did their best to cheat them out of the wages which they had duly earned. Those who in the reign of Richard II. took the part of the poor, taught them to take vengeance on their tyrants, and asked where gentlemen were to be found when Adam and Eve were labouring with the spade and the distaff. More taught that the poor and the weak were the first object of the State's care, and that a country where they were oppressed was in the worst possible condition. But he showed also that good government lies not in pulling down the strong, but in exalting the weak, and that in the mutual helpfulness of all sorts and conditions of men for the common good, lay the true remedy for the misery which he saw around him.

In the happy country of Utopia war is detested, yet the inhabitants are careful to exercise themselves in arms. They are ready to fight for defence against invaders of their own land or that of their allies, or to deliver some other people from tyranny. In peace every one is compelled to work, and is brought up to that kind of occupation for which he is most fitted. No one is allowed to be either idle or overworked.

Nine hours in the day are assigned to work, and when that is over lectures are delivered, to which all persons are encouraged to come for the improvement of their minds. All are trained in childhood by education to do their duty thoroughly. Idleness, as More thought, is the root of all evil, and every one should work either with his head or his hands, if not with both, for the benefit of himself and the community to which he belongs. As to the religion of Utopia, no persecution is allowed. No one is to be punished for his religious opinions, so long as he contents himself with arguing with moderation in their favour. If, however, he argues angrily and expresses his contempt for those who differ from him, he is to be banished, not as a despiser of religion, but as a seditious person and a raiser-up of dissension among the people.

Other things More wrote to show his dislike of the practices of his own country. He argued that thieves, who in those days were punished with death, should rather be condemned to labour on public works. He complained, too, that soldiers, who in his time were hired when war was declared and turned off as soon as peace was made, were certain to become thieves, for want of better employment.

The whole of the 'Utopia,' in fact, was an attack upon the existing condition of England. More wanted Henry VIII. to give up his unprofitable wars and to turn his attention to the improvement of his subjects, to take care that the rich and powerful did not oppress the poor and weak, and that the

laws should do justice to all, and should encourage learning and industry in all alike, in order that every one might be capable of performing his part in the public service and in benefiting his fellow-citizens.

Henry VIII. was a man who did many evil things in his life ; but it is creditable to him that he was not angry with More for his plain speech. Instead of wishing to punish him for his book, he sent for him frequently and urged him strongly to enter into his service. There were at this time reasons which made Henry wish to change his foreign policy. He had found out that whilst he had been deluding himself with the idea of making conquests in France, his allies had been cheating him. He therefore offered to be on friendly terms with France, and he reduced his expenditure at home, so that More had reason to hope that he had made a convert of the king, and that Henry meant to give up war and to attend to the wants of his own country. In 1518, More gave way, and entered the royal service. Henry's language was all that could be wished, and for the time, at least, he was probably sincere. He begged More 'first to look to God, and after God to him.' The time was to come when he would send More to death because he obeyed this injunction.

For a while all seemed to go well with More, so far as the king's favour could help him. He received the honour of knighthood, and became Sir Thomas More, and about the same time he was made a Privy Councillor. Henry was excessively fond of his conversation, and would scarcely allow him to visit his

home. So irksome did this absence from his wife and children become to More that he pretended to have grown dull, and ceased to speak so wittily as he had been accustomed to do. In this way only did he contrive to be allowed to spend some days at home.

Henry's favour never made More unmindful of his duty. In 1523 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, a post which in those days was only given to some one recommended by the king. It happened that Henry wished that the House of Commons should grant him a very large amount of money, and that Cardinal Wolsey, who was his chief minister, feared lest the Commons would refuse it. The cardinal, therefore, determined to come in person to the House to demand the money. When he looked for an answer he found that none of the members were willing to reply. Turning to More, he required him to answer in the name of the rest. More cleverly excused himself by saying that, though he had been chosen Speaker by the votes of all who were in the House, yet, except the wits of all of them could be put into his head, he was unfit to answer in so important a matter.

Wolsey after this rebuff had to content himself with far less money than he had expected to get. Yet, though he could hardly have been well pleased, he commanded his temper, and spoke lightly of the matter. All he said to More was, 'Would to God you had been at Rome when I made you Speaker!' More turned the cardinal's anger away with a soft answer. 'Your Grace not offended,' he replied, 'so

would I, too, my lord.' It was the custom in those days that the king should reward a Speaker, after the end of a session, with a grant of 200*l*. Wolsey wrote to Henry asking him not to abandon the usual practice in More's case. 'No man,' he wrote, 'could better deserve the same than he has done. I am the rather moved to put your highness in remembrance thereof because he is not the most ready to speak and solicit his own cause.'

Still, though Wolsey was civil to More, he would, no doubt, have been glad to get him out of the way, and he asked the king to send him ambassador to Spain. When Henry told him what was proposed, More answered that he was ready to obey the king, but that he was sure that the climate of Spain would not agree with him, and that he should not live long in it. Henry, who probably had no wish to lose More's company, at once told him that it was not his pleasure to do him harm, and that he would find some other service for him.

From this time More had no lack of employment. On one occasion he was sent ambassador to France in conjunction with Wolsey. It was probably in this embassy that Wolsey asked his opinion about a treaty which he had drawn up. He expected nothing but praise, and when More began to criticise it he interrupted him angrily. 'Thou art the veriest fool,' said the cardinal, 'of all the council.' More was not to be provoked even by so rude an insult. 'God be thanked,' he answered, 'the king our master hath but one fool in his council!'

Higher preferment was in store. In 1529 Wolsey

fell from power. Henry, who was tired of his wife, Catherine of Aragon, wanted to show that he had never been lawfully married to her, in order that he might marry a young lady named Anne Boleyn, with whom he had fallen in love. As the pope, whose consent Henry wished to obtain, put off his decision as long as he possibly could, the king grew impatient, and wished to get what he wanted even without the pope's consent. Wolsey could not help him in this. He was Lord Chancellor of England, and the chief minister of the King of England; but he was also Archbishop of York, and a cardinal, and was, therefore, unwilling to set the pope at defiance. Henry, whose imperious will was irritated by his minister's refusal to help him, not only dismissed him from his offices, but accused him of various offences, and stripped him of all his property. He was about to bring still graver charges against him, when Wolsey died. 'If I had served my God,' he said before his death, 'as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs.' Then, after a little talk about his devotion to Henry's interests, he added words which painted his self-willed master to the life. 'He is a prince,' he said, 'of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will miss or want part of his appetite he will hazard the loss of one half of his kingdom. I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never dissuade him.'

More was soon to experience the truth of Wolsey's

dying words. He now sat in Wolsey's seat as Lord Chancellor. Only once before, since there had been Lord Chancellors, had a layman been advanced to that high office, and then he had been deposed after a short time as incompetent to fill the place. There was no danger of that now. More's abilities and learning made him capable of fulfilling any duty that he undertook, and his courtesy and modesty made him generally popular, and contrasted favourably with the harshness and arrogance of his predecessor.

One practice of the new Chancellor attracted attention even in an age when children paid far more outward respect to their parents than they do now. More's father was still alive, and was one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench. Every day, before Sir Thomas took his seat in Chancery, he turned aside to the court in which the old man, whose judicial office was inferior to his own, sat to administer justice. There he knelt humbly down, craving a father's blessing on himself and on the work that he had to do.

In another respect, too, his conduct appeared to his contemporaries to be unusual. Judges were not then scrupulous in accepting bribes and in favouring rich men at the expense of the poor. More was always as ready to do justice to a poor man as to a rich one. He strove to the uttermost to do right without respect of persons. If, he once said, his father stood on one side and the devil on the other, he would give judgment in favour of the devil if his cause were good. One of his sons-in-law, a Mr. Heron, presuming on his connection with the

Chancellor, refused to come to a reasonable compromise with his opponent, and was much surprised when More pronounced a decree against him by which he lost all that he had claimed. On another occasion a rich widow sent him as a New Year's gift a pair of gloves, into which she had stuffed forty pounds. More emptied the gloves into her lap, telling her that, as it was against good manners to refuse a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, he would take her gloves, but not her money.

During the time of his chancellorship More had matters to consider of greater importance even than the right of suitors to the possession of property. Protestant opinions were being disseminated in private and by pamphlets, and some of those who held these opinions were very abusive in their language and uncharitable in their hearts. More had in his 'Utopia' spoken in praise of a system in which persons holding different religious opinions were allowed to live peaceably together, joining in a form of prayer which expressed the thoughts which were common to all. This, at least, was not what he saw before him. The Protestants did not ask to hold their own opinions whilst they respected those of their neighbours. They declared that their opinions were the only true ones, and many of them denounced all others with great bitterness. More therefore thought himself justified in attempting to put down Protestantism by persecuting the Protestants, and did not see that he was doing anything at all inconsistent with that which he had written in the 'Utopia.'

In less than three years after he became Lord Chancellor, More resigned the office. The king had been doing many things which More disliked, and by the spring of 1532 the chancellor knew that Henry meant to settle the question of his own divorce without the pope's consent. To do this, it would be necessary for him to throw off the pope's authority, and though Henry professed that he did not



HENRY VIII. AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

intend to alter religion in any way, More knew him too well to trust him. He never doubted that Henry would always do whatever suited his own interest at the time. One day, some years before, after Henry had shown him the unusual favour of visiting him in his house at Chelsea, and had even walked about the garden with his arm round his neck, More was congratulated by his son-in-law Roper on such a display of favour. 'I thank our Lord,' was

his reply, 'I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly affect me as any subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win a castle in France it would not fail to go.' More felt that if such a king as this were to do as he pleased in the Church as well as in the State, it would be better for himself to be in a private station, in which he would have no responsibility for anything that was being done.

More lived for a while quietly in the midst of his family, taking no part in public affairs. If Henry could have been content with his silence, all would have been well. But silence was not enough for Henry. He had done as he had determined to do: he had cast off the authority of the pope, and he had married Anne Boleyn. He wished to have More's clear head and ready tongue on his side. When he found that More was not to be won over he conceived a hatred for the man whom he had once admired so much, and whose quiet refusal to say that those things were right which he believed to have been wrong was a testimony against him. One day the Duke of Norfolk tried to gain More over to satisfy the king. 'It is perilous striving with princes,' said the duke, 'for the king's wrath is death.' 'Is that all, my lord?' answered More, with a smile. 'Is there, in good faith, no more difference between your Grace and me but that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow?'

It was not long before More's confidence was put to the test. In 1534 Parliament, to please the king,

passed an Act of Succession, declaring that Henry's marriage with Catherine was null and void, and that his marriage with Anne was good and lawful. The right of succeeding to the throne, therefore, was to go to any children he might have by Anne, and not to Mary, his daughter by Catherine. If the Act had contained no more than this, Sir Thomas More would have been willing to submit to it. As long as it remained unrepealed he would have been ready to obey any future king or queen who might ascend the throne in virtue of its provisions. For he held, as most men did then, that an Act of Parliament could alter the succession—that is to say, that if King, Lords, and Commons combined to declare that any one, whether the child of the king or not, were to be regarded as the heir, it would be the duty of all subjects to obey him as their sovereign as soon as the throne was vacant. But the Act contained more than this. It directed that an oath should be taken by all the king's subjects to maintain the Act; and though More was ready to swear to obey that part of it which related to the succession, he refused to swear to defend that part of it which declared the king's marriage with his first wife to have been void. He was summoned to Lambeth from his home at Chelsea in order that he might take the oath. Before this, whenever he left his house he liked his children to accompany him to the boat, so that he might kiss them all before stepping in. This time he allowed none of them to follow him, taking with him only Roper, his favourite son-in-law, the husband of his

daughter Margaret. As they were being rowed down the river he sat meditatively pondering the arguments for and against the oath. He was not long in putting away the temptation of doing as others did. 'Son Roper,' he said, 'I thank our Lord the field is won.' What he meant Roper did not understand, nor did More explain. No one will need explanation now. More had won a victory



SIR THOMAS MORE TAKING FAREWELL.

over his weakness, that weakness which is in the heart of even the strongest and the best. When he reached Lambeth he refused the oath, and was sent to the Tower. No prisoner in that gloomy abode was ever less discontented with his captivity. 'Assure yourself,' he said jestingly to his gaoler, who expressed a wish that he could entertain him with better cheer; 'I do not mislike my cheer, but when-

ever I so do then thrust me out of your doors.' More serious were his words to his daughter when she came to visit him. 'I believe, Meg,' he said, 'that they that have put me here ween they have done me a high displeasure. But I assure you, on my faith, my own dear daughter, if it had not been for my wife and you that be my children, whom I account the chief part of my charge, I would not have failed, long ere this, to have closed myself in as strait a room, and straiter, too.' A cell in a monastery would, no doubt, have suited his inclination better than the court of his headstrong and imperious master. 'But since,' he continued, 'I come hither without mine own desert, I trust that God of His goodness will discharge me of my care, and with His gracious help supply my want among you. I find no cause, I thank God, Meg, to reckon myself in worse case here than in mine own house: for methinketh God maketh me a wanton, and setteth me on His lap and dandleth me.' Few men have so thoroughly learnt as More had the meaning of the words, 'Whom God loveth He chasteneth.' Many years before, whenever his wife or one of his children was ill or in trouble, he had been in the habit of reminding the sufferer that that which they endured was for their good. 'We may not,' he said on one occasion, 'look at our pleasure to go to heaven in feather beds. It is not the way. For our Lord Himself went thither with great pain, and by many tribulations; which is the path wherein He walked thither, and the servant may not look to be in better case than his Master.' The time had

now arrived for him to show that his exhortations came indeed from his heart. After he had remained in the Tower for more than a year, a new Act of Parliament was passed entitling the king supreme head on earth of the Church of England, and imposing the penalties of high treason on any one who disputed the appellation. As More was not likely to speak on the subject if left to himself, Rich, the Solicitor-General, was sent to entangle him in his talk, and by engaging him in conversation he led him on inadvertently to use words which, if Rich is to be believed, amounted to a denial that Parliament had any right to give such a title to the king. As, however, More denied having said this, it may well be believed that Rich either invented the words, or at least quoted them incorrectly.

More was brought to trial as a traitor, on the accusation of Rich. Nothing that he could say availed him, and he was sentenced to die. When he was brought back to the Tower after his trial he found his daughter, Margaret Roper, waiting for him. Running forward through the guard, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. He gave her his blessing, and comforted her with loving words. After this she left him, intending to return home; but she had not gone far when, being 'not satisfied with the former sight of her dear father, having respect neither to herself nor to the press of the people and multitude that were about him, she suddenly turned back again, and ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times together most lovingly kissed him, and at last with

a full, heavy heart was fain to depart from him; the beholding whereof was to many of them that were present thereat so lamentable that it made them for very sorrow to mourn and weep.'

The affection of More's daughter must have endeared her the more to him as his second wife had no sympathy with him. She was an active woman, capable of managing his household well, but utterly unable even to comprehend her husband's high and noble thoughts, and imagining, after the fashion of such worldly and vulgar natures as hers, that he was but a silly dreamer for despising the comfortable things of the world. Once in the course of his imprisonment she had come to see him. 'I marvel,' she said, 'that you that have been always hitherto taken for so wise a man will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close filthy prison, and be content to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favour and good will both of the king and his council, if you would but do as the bishops and best learned of this realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, your garden, your orchards, and all other necessities so handsomely about you, where you might, in the company of me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I wonder what you mean here still thus fondly to tarry.' More smiled at talk like this. 'I pray thee,' he said, 'good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing.' 'What is that?' inquired the self-satisfied lady. The answer of her husband was ready. 'Is not this house,' he

said, 'as nigh heaven as mine own?' Such a question only made the poor woman angry, and it was well for More that in his last hours the dying Christian was not troubled with her presence.

More had not to wait many days for the death for which he had long made himself ready. In the morning of the day appointed for his execution his friend Sir Thomas Pope came to inform him that everything was prepared. 'For your good tidings,' said More, cheerfully, 'I most heartily thank you. I have been always bounden much to the king's Highness for the benefits and honours which he hath still from time to time most bountifully heaped upon me; and yet more bounden I am to his Grace for putting me into this place, where I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end; and, most of all, am I bound to his Highness that it pleased him so shortly to rid me of the miseries of this wretched world; and therefore will I not fail most earnestly to pray for his Grace both here and in another world.' Pope then warned him from the king not to use many words. The king was afraid that he would say something which would encourage the spectators to resist his assumption of the new title. More assured Pope that he would conform to the king's wish, and that he had never had any intention of saying anything which would give offence. In taking leave of his old friend, Pope could not refrain from tears. 'Quiet yourself,' said More, 'and be not discomfited. For I trust that we shall once in heaven see each other full merrily, where we shall be sure to live and love together in

joyful bliss eternally.' As soon as Pope had left him, More dressed himself in his best clothes, as if he had been going to a feast. The custom of the time was that the dress in which a man was executed became the perquisite of the executioner, and More wished to testify in this way his thankfulness to the man who was to deliver him from the miseries of the world. In the end, however, he was persuaded to



EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

clothe himself in less gorgeous attire, but he sent the man a piece of gold to make up for the loss.

The time was now come when the former Lord Chancellor of England was led out to die. His old wit had no more left him than his old faith and confidence in the protection of God. 'I pray you,' he said, when he reached the steps of the scaffold, 'see me safe up, and for my coming down let me

shift for myself.' When he had mounted he addressed a few words to the crowd around, and then kneeled down to pray. Then rising, he turned to the executioner. 'Pluck up thy spirits, man,' he said, 'and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short; take heed that thou cut not awry.' He then bound a cloth over his eyes, and, again kneeling down, placed his neck on the block. Once more he raised his head to move his beard out of the groove which was left for his neck. 'Pity,' he said, 'that should be cut, that has not committed treason.' These strange words were the last that he ever spoke. He died upon the scaffold because he nobly refused to declare that to be true which he believed to be untrue. Many another was to follow him in that path. For many years to come men who believed what More believed were to perish on the scaffold, and men who believed what More disbelieved were to perish at the stake. Every one who thus testified with his blood against the force which imagines that it is justified in trampling on the rights of conscience, is to be held in honour by later generations who are no longer threatened with such oppression. Those who think that More was right in what he believed, and those who think that he was wrong, can agree in venerating the martyr who died for conscience' sake. Of all who perished by violence in the conflict of the sixteenth century, there was none so gentle, so wise, so heroic, as Thomas More.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

FRANCIS DRAKE, like many others of the great sailors of Elizabeth's reign, was born of a Devonshire family. His father, who lived near Tavistock, had become a Protestant in the time of Henry VIII., and had left his home to escape persecution. He took up his abode in the hull of an old ship lying in the Medway. There, when Edward VI. became king, and Protestants were no longer oppressed, he used to give religious instruction to the sailors of the king's ships at Chatham, and subsequently received ordination.

Of his many sons, only one achieved distinc-

tion. When Francis Drake was still quite young he was apprenticed to the owner of a small coasting vessel which sometimes crossed the sea to the Netherlands or to France. The boy's life was no doubt a hard one, but he did his duty so well that his master, when he was dying, bequeathed to him the vessel in which they had for some years sailed together.

For some time Drake plied his trade diligently, as his master had done before him. But it was hardly likely that he would be long content with the dull routine of a trading voyage. In the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth the minds of adventurous youths were beginning to be set upon America. The America of which they were thinking was not the long stretch of coast which is now inhabited by our Transatlantic kinsmen, and still less those vast prairies which seem likely to afford sustenance in the not far distant future to many millions of our race. All these lands were as yet unknown to Europeans. It was in tropical America that the Spaniards had fought and settled. They had conquered Mexico and Peru, rich in seemingly endless stores of gold, and had seized upon the West India Islands and the coasts around the Gulf of Mexico. English boys who heard of the doings of the Spanish conquerors longed to imitate their exploits, or at least to trade in a part of the world which was offering such golden rewards. They were not likely to be deterred by the undoubted danger of the attempt. The King of Spain claimed all the New World as his own, except a part which belonged

to the King of Portugal. Only Spaniards and Portuguese had hitherto landed on the shores of tropical America ; and once, when the two nations seemed likely to quarrel, they had applied to the Pope to mediate between them. The Pope had weighed their claims, and had assigned Brazil to Portugal, and all the rest of America to Spain. The Spaniards consequently affirmed that, by the Pope's decision, they were justified in excluding all other nations from the coasts of America. An Englishman, therefore, who, even with the intention of carrying on an honest trade, attempted to sail in the West Indies, would do so at his peril.

To young Drake this peril was attractive. He sold his own vessel, and in 1565, when Elizabeth had been on the throne for nearly seven years, he first crossed the Atlantic, under the command of Captain Lovel. Of the circumstances of that voyage nothing is known. In 1567 he was trusted by John Hawkins with the command of the 'Judith,' a vessel which was to form part of a fleet about to sail under Hawkins to the West Indies.

Hawkins was a good seaman, and a brave man. His object was one with which no Englishman would at the present time have anything to do. He intended to capture inoffensive negroes on the coast of Africa, and to sell them to the Spanish planters in the West Indies. Such a traffic, undoubtedly lucrative, was in those days considered as not dishonourable. The Queen herself lent Hawkins a large ship, and bargained for some of the profits

of the undertaking. As in a former voyage he had been the first Englishman to carry black slaves across the Atlantic, she had already granted him the right of bearing on his coat-of-arms three busts of negroes bound by a cord. It was therefore under high patronage that Hawkins sailed. When he reached the African coast, he had some difficulty in securing his prisoners. The negroes defended themselves with poisoned arrows, and most of the Englishmen who were wounded died of lock-jaw, produced by the poison. Yet a large number of slaves were soon captured, and conveyed across the ocean. Nothing sounds stranger to our ears than the pious expressions of these sailors who were engaged on such villainous work. One of them, in a former voyage of the same kind, ascribed a favourable wind, which sprung up after they had been suffering from a long calm, to the mercy of 'Almighty God, who never suffers His elect to perish.' It was not that the man who used this expression stifled the promptings of his conscience. He never fancied that he had done any more wrong in carrying black men to work in the West Indies, than he would have done if he had brought over horses from the Continent to drag ploughs in England.

When Hawkins arrived on the other side of the Atlantic, he had not much difficulty in disposing of his slaves. The Spanish authorities no doubt had strict orders to stop his proceedings; but the Spanish planters were as eager to buy slaves as he was to sell them, and, by using threats of violence, he overcame

the opposition of the officials, and succeeded in getting rid of most of his negroes. At last he put into the harbour of St. Juan d'Ulloa, to refit his ships, and to sell the remainder of his slaves. He had with him but three vessels, the largest of which was of only one hundred tons. The value of the gold and silver and precious stones for which he had bartered his negroes was reckoned at 1,800,000*l*.

By ill luck, before Hawkins was ready to sail, a Spanish admiral arrived at the port, with thirteen large ships. After a delay of three days, the Spaniards fell upon the little English squadron. After a brave resistance, Hawkins was forced to abandon his own ship. Drake's vessel, the 'Judith,' and its smaller companion, the little 'Minion,' alone escaped. They had been much shattered in the fight, and their scanty stock of provisions was insufficient to support the crowd which had come to them with Hawkins. A hundred men were put on shore to take their chance, and of the remainder, those who did not sicken and die on the way at last reached England in a miserable condition.

Drake had thus learned by bitter experience what were the perils to which Englishmen were exposed in Spanish waters. He came back, more resolved than ever to repeat his effort. In him, as in so many of his countrymen, the search for gain seemed to be only a small part of a nobler enterprise. To win wealth in the West Indies would be a means of humbling the power of Spain. Already Englishmen

were beginning to regard Spain as their great antagonist. The Spanish king was no weak enemy. He ruled over a large part of Europe outside the limits of the Peninsula, as well as over the greater part of the New World. He had at his disposal the largest and finest army, and the largest and finest navy in the world. England had no regular army at all, and a very small navy. Its trade was not great. Ships of commerce were not larger than the coasting vessels of the present day. In spite of all these disadvantages, there was no shrinking from the struggle. The hardy mariners of England flew instinctively, like bull-dogs, at the Spanish power. With the pride of patriotism was mingled a growing hatred of Spain, as the main protector of the Roman Catholic Church. When English Protestant sailors were captured by the Spaniards, they were often handed over to the Inquisition—a Spanish court which had been instituted to put an end to all differences of religious opinion wherever Spain ruled. By that court they were imprisoned, ill-treated, often tortured, sometimes put to death. Their comrades who were still at large burnt to avenge them; and regarded themselves as doing a good work for God, as well as for their Queen, when they slew Spaniards, sacked or burnt their towns, and carried off their wealth. They acted like pirates, and believed themselves to be in some way the champions of the gospel.

Of Drake it may be said, as has been said of the Black Prince, that if he shared in the ordinary morality of his class and age, he himself showed that

morality at its best. He was courteous whenever it was possible to show courtesy. His own experience of the slave trade sickened him. It is true that he did nothing to warn others against it; but he never again took part in the kidnapping of his fellow-creatures. In 1570 and 1571 he was again in the West Indies, gaining knowledge of their seas and shores. In 1572, the year in which the Dutch Republic was founded, Drake sailed once more from Plymouth for the West Indies. He had but two little vessels, his own, the 'Pasha,' of seventy tons, and the 'Swan,' of but twenty-five, under his brother's command, and with only seventy-three men he set out for Nombre de Dios.

That Nombre de Dios should be the object of Drake's voyage showed that he had no thought of merely following Hawkins's example, and of trafficking with the planters of the islands. Nombre de Dios was the name of the port on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama, to which the gold and silver dug out of the mines of Peru was brought on the backs of mules to be shipped for Spain. There was no open war between England and Spain, but Drake held that he had a full right to make reprisals for the loss of his goods at St. Juan d'Ulloa, and to revenge the ill-treatment of the English captives. Soon after he arrived on the coast of South America, he was joined by another English vessel commanded by Captain Rawse, which had already taken a Spanish vessel. Leaving these and his own two ships to the care of Rawse, he set off with four boats, loaded with men. About midnight he was not far from

Nombre de Dios. There he stopped till he could see his way in. He soon discovered that his men, who would have been quite ready to face armed Spaniards whom they could see, were growing anxious and uneasy in the dark. They began to talk to one another about the great size of the town, and the danger of attacking it. If these men were left to discourage one another much longer they would be fit for nothing in the morning. Drake was always full of resource, and when he saw the sky whitening from the light of the tropical moon before it rose above the horizon, he assured his sailors that the day was already breaking, and gave the word to pull on. At three in the morning he leaped on shore with the greater part of his men. The Spaniards, roused from sleep, made the best fight that they could: but the English sailors pressed on to the Governor's house, where they found in a lower room a pile of silver bars heaped up against the wall. Drake did not suffer them to tarry there. He led them to the king's treasure-house, where the gold and jewels were stored. 'I have now,' he said, 'brought you to the mouth of the treasury of the world. If you do not gain it, none but yourselves are to be blamed.' He bade his brother break open the door whilst he himself remained in the marketplace to guard the approaches to the place. Scarcely had he given the orders when he staggered forwards and fell. He had concealed as long as he could a wound which he had received in the fight, and he was now faint from loss of blood. The men gathered round him, and bound up his

wounds, begging him to return to the boats. Upon his refusal they seized upon him by force and carried him down to the beach. Without their captain they could do nothing. Some booty, indeed, they took, but they did not venture to tarry without their leader, and the treasury of the world remained unrifled.

By this time the Spaniards were everywhere talking of the prowess of the Englishmen. The stories which were told were sometimes very strange. One Spaniard, who was taken prisoner by Drake, had been informed that the English employed poisoned arrows, and asked if any remedy for the poison was known. 'It is never my custom,' replied Drake, 'to poison arrows. Their wounds may be cured by ordinary remedies. I only want for myself and my company some of that excellent commodity, gold and silver. I am resolved, by the help of God, to reap some of the golden harvest which you have got out of the earth and send to Spain to trouble the earth.' It was Drake's conviction that the gold and silver which the King of Spain used to pay the armies with which he oppressed other nations would be used to better purpose by himself and his sailors.

After his failure at Nombre de Dios, Drake took one or two prizes. Then Captain Rawse left him and sailed home. By this time the Spaniards were on his track, and he thought it no longer safe to keep the sea with his two small vessels. One, he thought, could be more easily put out of sight than two. Yet he did not think that his brother, who

was captain of the little 'Swan,' would be ready to give up his ship to be destroyed. He therefore sent for the carpenter and bade him go down into the hold at night and to bore three holes in the bottom of the ship with a large gimlet. The next day, much to the astonishment of the crew, their ship began to settle down in the water. Drake then persuaded them to set her on fire, and took them all on board his own ship. After anchoring her in a bay which was not likely to be visited, and leaving his brother in charge of her, he himself set out in the boats with the greater part of his crew. After many adventures he landed his men with the intention of waylaying the train of mules which bore the gold and silver from Panama to Nombre de Dios. He took with him a large number of Indians, who were hostile to the Spaniards, and who were consequently delighted to find such a leader. This time, however, Drake was unsuccessful. After he had placed his men in ambush behind the bushes, in order to surprise the muleteers who brought the treasure, one of his men who was not quite sober jumped up to look at a Spanish horseman riding by. The horseman gave the alarm, and the mules were driven by another road.

Not long afterwards, whilst Drake was still on the isthmus of Panama, one of the friendly Indians showed him a very high tree, and invited him to ascend it. Notches had been cut in the trunk by the Indians to make it easy to climb up, and planks had been laid on the branches above, forming a kind of arbour large enough for twelve men to sit

in. When Drake reached the harbour the Indians pointed to the South, where the bright waves of the Pacific were glancing in the sun. To any of us such a sight would be one not easily to be forgotten, although those waters are crossed by thousands of English sailors every year. When Drake first saw the Pacific no English vessel had ever floated upon it. To him it was a mysterious ocean, from the



DRAKE IN AN ARBOUR UP A TREE.

shores of which came those stores of precious things of which he had seen a sample in the treasure-house of the world at Nombre de Dios. He threw himself on his knees and solemnly prayed to God to give him life and leave once to sail an English ship in those seas.

The time would come when his wishes would be fulfilled. His present object was to regain his own vessel, which he had left on the Atlantic coast. On

the way he intercepted a train of fifty mules, laden with gold and silver, of which his men carried off as much as they could. After some adventures Drake found himself once more on board his own ship, with which he returned to England after an absence of rather more than a year and two months. So strange was it then to hear of a ship returning from the West Indies, that when Drake arrived at Plymouth on a Sunday morning, the people all ran out of church, to witness the blessing of God, as the old writer tells us, upon the dangerous adventures and enterprises of the captain.

Five years passed away before Drake saw the wish of his heart fulfilled in the sailing of an English ship in those southern seas which he had descried from the tree-top on the Isthmus of Panama. At last, in 1577, he sailed again. He had with him five small vessels, of which his own, the 'Pelican,' was of no more than 100 tons burthen, whilst the smallest was but a pinnace of 15 tons. Yet they were all good sailers, well fitted with everything necessary for a long voyage, and well armed to fight the Spaniards, if they met them. Every man on board knew that he would be immediately put to death by the King of Spain's officers, if he fell into their hands.

There was still no actual war between Spain and England; but amongst English sailors there was now a firm belief that to attack the Spaniards beyond the Atlantic was, even in time of peace, a meritorious act. 'The main ocean,' wrote Drake's chaplain, when he afterwards recorded the history

of this voyage, 'by right is the Lord's alone, and by nature left free for all men to deal withal, as very sufficient for all men's use, and large enough for all men's industry.' It was because the Spaniards refused permission to the English to traffic in their waters, that Drake believed that what the Spaniards



STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

very naturally called piracy was a praiseworthy action.

At Port St. Julian, in Patagonia, Drake had to maintain discipline at the expense of his feelings. Thomas Doughty, a man who stood high in Drake's favour, was found guilty of insubordination and mutiny. Drake laid his case before twelve of his

principal comrades, whom he called together to act as a jury. By these men Doughty was found guilty, and Drake sentenced him to death. Before the execution the two men received the communion together, after which Doughty was executed. After that no one could expect a lenient treatment if he disobeyed his commander.

Before the Pacific could be reached, it was necessary to pass through the Straits of Magellan, so named from the Portuguese commander of the only ship which had ever passed through them before. Drake did not know that it was possible to sail round Cape Horn. He did not even know that such a cape existed, as it was supposed in his time that Tierra del Fuego was only the north end of a continent which reached to the South Pole, and that unless a vessel passed through the Straits of Magellan it could not reach the Pacific at all.

The navigation of these Straits was not easy. They were narrow and winding, and gusts of wind swept down suddenly from the hills on either side. Drake had no charts by which to direct his course, yet in sixteen days he found himself safely at the western end of the Straits. No sooner had he entered the Pacific, when a terrible gale arose. Of the five vessels of which the expedition was composed when it left England, one had sunk at sea, and one had been left behind at Port St. Julian. One of the remaining three was now lost, and the captain of another had deserted his admiral, and, fearing to encounter the perils of the unknown ocean, had slunk back to England through the Straits of

Magellan. When the storm had abated Drake's 'Pelican' was alone.



DRAKE'S VOYAGE.

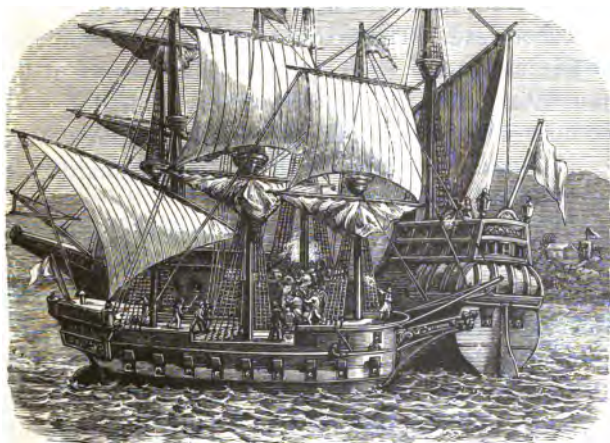
Drake ranged up the western coast of South America. Finding a good landing-place, he went

ashore with a boat's crew to fill his water-casks. As he reached the shore with one of his men, four or five hundred Indians sprang out from behind the rocks. Unluckily one of the crew called out in Spanish that they had only come for water. The Indians at once took them for Spaniards, whom they hated bitterly, and discharged a flight of arrows at them. Drake and nine of his men were wounded. Afterwards all who were hurt recovered from their wounds, though they had no medical attendance, the surgeon of their ship having died at sea.

These Indians, as Drake's chaplain Fletcher tells us, in an account of the voyage which he wrote after his return, worshipped a god whom they called Setebos. No doubt Shakspeare had read this book when he wrote 'The Tempest,' and called Caliban's god Setebos.

Drake was inclined to pity the Indians, who, after all, had been so ill-treated by the Spaniards that their conduct was very excusable. At the next place at which he stopped he found an Indian dressed in a long white gown. 'In him,' wrote the historian of the voyage, 'we might see a most lively pattern of the harmless disposition of that people; and how grievous a thing it is that they should by any means be so abused as all those are whom the Spaniards have any command over!' Drake treated him so well that his tribesmen came down to the beach with chickens and eggs and a pig, and offered to lend the Englishmen a pilot to guide their vessel on its way.

Drake's next object was to reach Valparaiso, the port where men and goods were landed for Santiago, the capital of the Spanish province of Chili. There he found a large ship, the crew of which never heeded him as he sailed into the harbour. The notion never entered into their minds that it was possible for any ship but a Spanish one to sail on the



CAPTURE OF A SPANISH SHIP.

waters of the Pacific. They were soon undeceived. The 'Pelican' ranged up by the side of the Spanish vessel, and her English crew leaped over the bulwarks. 'Down, you dog!' shouted Thomas Moore, as he struck down the first Spaniard who met him. The ship was soon taken, and Drake first sacked the town, and then, when he got his prize out to sea, rifled the hold. He found on board

good store of wine, and ingots of gold worth nearly 20,000*l*.

Drake's next venture was not so successful. He had scarcely landed, when he espied about a hundred Spaniards on horseback, followed by twice the number of Indians, 'running as dogs at their heels, all naked, and in most miserable bondage.' He hastened away, but one of his men lingered behind the rest, and was shot dead. The Spaniards cut off his head and hands, and made their Indians shoot arrows at his mutilated trunk in the sight of his comrades. No wonder that, after this, the English sailors were encouraged in their belief that to rob Spaniards was a righteous action.

Yet Drake was not cruel. On the shore near Tarapaca he found a Spaniard asleep, never fancying that an enemy could be near. In his assurance of safety, he had laid thirteen bars of silver on the ground by his side. Drake took the silver, and left the man unhurt. At the next landing-place he met a man and a boy driving eight llamas carrying bags full of silver. The llamas and the silver too were carried off by the English. As he sailed on through the warm tropical sea, wealth was to be gained by merely taking it. At Arica there were three vessels with not a soul on board, but fifty-seven wedges of silver, each as large as a brick. At Callao, the port of Lima, the chief town of Peru, there were twelve ships. The crews were all on shore, believing that there was no need of watchfulness. Drake found on board silk and linen and coined silver to add to his store.

At Callao Drake heard of a treasure greater still than any which he had yet seen. A ship named the 'Cacafuego' had lately started for Panama, carrying the year's store of gold and silver to be sent across the isthmus to Spain. He at once started in pursuit. On the way he boarded a vessel, out of which he took eighty pounds weight of gold, and a crucifix studded with emeralds. Even this, however, was but little in comparison with the lading which Drake expected to find in the 'Cacafuego.' He told his men that whoever first caught sight of her should be rewarded with the chain of gold which he used to wear round his own neck.

At last the 'Cacafuego' was sighted far away to seaward. It was the afternoon, and Drake feared that if he attempted to chase her in the daylight she would escape. So he fastened some empty oil-jars to the stern of his own ship, trailing them on the sea as he went. The trick succeeded. The 'Pelican,' with this weight behind her, sailed more slowly than she had ever sailed before; and the captain of the 'Cacafuego,' taking her for a lumbering country vessel, sailed up to see what she had on board. He was received with a cannonade, which shot away his mainmast, and obliged him to surrender.

The prize was enormous. There were jewels in plenty, thirteen chests of silver coin, eighty pounds weight of gold, and twenty-six tons of silver.

So Drake went on, never meeting with resistance, carrying off untold riches, but never treating a human being cruelly. The prisoners whom he took

were always politely set on shore; though he knew that if he had been caught by the Spaniards he would not have been allowed to live.

At last the time came when even Drake had had enough of plundering. Perhaps he had no more room for booty in his ship. At all events he knew that the Spaniards had by this time taken alarm, and that he would not now find the capturing of Spanish ships so easy as he had hitherto done. He resolved to make for home.

Drake did not choose to return by the way by which he had come. He did not wish to encounter once more the cold stormy seas on either side of the Straits of Magellan, and he feared that the Spaniards might be on the watch for him off the coasts of Peru and Chili. He therefore resolved to try to go back by a way which we now know to be impracticable. He wished to sail round the north coast of America.

In those days no one knew how far America stretched towards the North Pole, or how impossible it was for a ship to force its way through the icy sea which stops all passage by the side of its dreary shore. As far as any one's knowledge went, there might be an open sea, where, as we now know, the continent broadens out. Drake determined to try whether this were really so. Refitting the 'Pelican' at Acapulco, he steered northwards, along the coast which is now known as that of California, and even further than that of Oregon. He could go no further. It is possible that he had reached a point still more to the north. The bitter cold passed

all the endurance of men who had long been basking under a tropical sun. There were no signs of any passage to the eastward. Drake gave up the attempt, and the ship was put about.

The 'Pelican' was driven southwards by a strong gale. Not far from the spot where San Francisco now stands Drake ran his ship into a safe harbour.

Before long Indians came to visit the strangers. They were peaceable and courteous. The chief placed a crown on Drake's head, and made signs of submission to him. Perhaps he took the white man to be a god or some superior being. Drake interpreted his actions to mean that he gave away his land, and accepted it in the name of Queen Elizabeth. He set up a post, to which he affixed a brass plate with an inscription stating the circumstances of the surrender of the country to the Queen of England. The Queen never profited by the gift, and, under the name of California, the land is one of the most flourishing of the United States.

During his stay in the Californian harbour, Drake carefully refitted and strengthened his ship. He had but one way in which he thought it possible to reach England—the way across the Pacific. Only once before had a ship—the ship of Magellan—sailed from America to Asia. It was a daring deed even to follow in its course.

For sixty-eight days the bold mariners sailed on, seeing nothing but sea and sky. At last they sighted an island, and not many days afterwards they reached the Philippine Islands. On they went through the Eastern Archipelago, winning good

repute amongst the natives whom they visited. It is wonderful that Drake escaped shipwreck in a sea so full of islands and rocks, as he had no chart to guide him. At last, however, his good fortune appeared to have failed him. The 'Pelican' ran upon a rock. Drake at once called his whole ship's company to prayers, and then ordered the sailors to lighten the vessel. They threw over a large quantity of cloves, some provisions, and eight guns. They took care not to part with their gold and silver until it became absolutely necessary to do so. Luckily for them the wind changed, and drove the ship off the rock into deep water. The 'Pelican' had no more dangers to encounter. It made its way safely round the Cape of Good Hope, and reached Plymouth after an absence of rather more than two years and ten months.

No wonder that the men of Plymouth, who knew from their own experience what difficulties and dangers Drake had surmounted, received this son of Devon on his return with rapturous applause.

When Drake reached London he found that there were many who took a less favourable view of his conduct. The Spanish ambassador urged the Queen to give up the property of his master's subjects. Drake, he said, was a mere pirate. If Elizabeth protected him, the King of Spain would declare war against England. Some of Elizabeth's ministers supported the demand of the Spaniard.

Elizabeth wanted to keep the treasure, that she might divide it between herself and Drake; but she did not want to go to war with Spain. She accord-

ingly ordered the gold and silver to be weighed and counted, so that the Spanish ambassador might think that it was to be restored. She had not as yet made up her mind whether she would restore anything or not. But she was firmly resolved not to give it all up. She bade Drake to carry on shore a quantity of his booty before the officers arrived to examine it, and Drake, of course, obeyed her order.

No one, therefore, will ever know the real value of the whole treasure which Drake brought home. What was left on board the 'Pelican' was duly examined, packed in chests, and brought up to the Tower of London. There were no less than twenty tons of silver, besides five ingots of solid gold, and a great quantity of jewels.

Elizabeth did not want to go to war, but she sadly needed money. She had to govern England without sufficient taxes to enable her to pay her necessary expenses, and she was ready to throw difficulties in the way of restoring money to the Spaniards, who were likely to be her enemies before long.

If Elizabeth had only loved money, she would not have been so highly thought of by her subjects as she was. She delighted in a brave and gallant action, and she knew that Drake was a brave and gallant man. She was proud of him as an Englishman, and she was half inclined to think as he did, that to take wealth from the Spaniards in America was a righteous deed. She gave him a large sum of money out of his stores, went on board the 'Pelican,' where she took part in a magnificent ban-

quet given in her honour, and ended by knighting Drake on the deck of his own ship.

Sir Francis Drake, as he was now called, knew that after this his booty would never be surrendered. In the end Elizabeth allowed him and his sailors to take a large share, and kept the rest, whatever it may have been, for herself.

When the Spanish ambassador waited on the Queen to demand restitution, he boldly asserted that Englishmen had no right to be in the Pacific. Elizabeth scolded him well for daring to assert that the Spaniards had a right to exclude all other nations from America. She told him that other nations did the Spaniards no wrong if they sent colonies to lands which were not actually inhabited by the Spaniards, or if they freely navigated the vast Pacific, since sea and air were common to all.

It was not only by Elizabeth that Drake was held in honour. One writer of the time declared that Drake's ship ought to be hoisted up to the top of the stump of the steeple of St. Paul's Cathedral, to take the place of the spire which had been destroyed by lightning some years before. No one else approved of so wild a plan, and the 'Pelican' was preserved in the dockyard at Deptford, just as Nelson's ship, the 'Victory,' is preserved in Portsmouth harbour. At one time it was visited by people who wished to have their suppers on board the vessel which had circumnavigated the globe. At last the old ship was broken up, and a chair made out of its timbers was sent as a gift to the University of Oxford.

For the next four or five years Drake remained

quietly in England. In 1585 he was sent by the Queen to the West Indies. By this time England and Spain were virtually at war, though there had been no actual declaration of hostilities. This time Drake commanded a fleet of twenty-one vessels, with soldiers on board. After various adventures Drake arrived in the West Indies and landed 1,200 men near Saint Domingo. The town was speedily taken and a large ransom demanded. When it was refused, Drake ordered his men to set fire to some of the houses, burning more every day till the money was paid. The task was, however, not so easy as it seemed. The houses were built of stone, and there was little in them that would burn. At last Drake accepted a much smaller sum than that for which he had asked at first, and sailed away to Cartagena. This city, too, he took, and held till it was ransomed.

Drake's officers consulted together about the disposal of the money which had been thus obtained. According to the custom which prevailed at sea, they were themselves entitled to a large share. All this, at Drake's recommendation, they freely gave up to the poor sailors and soldiers, who had suffered much on the voyage and had reaped little benefit from it. It was such acts as this, besides his skill as a navigator and a commander, which endeared Drake to his men.

Drake then steered northwards, and, after some fighting with Spaniards in Florida, visited the new colony which had been sent out to Virginia by Raleigh, and which was the first English settlement in America. The colonists were, however, weary of

their lonely life, and at their urgent request Drake took them on board and sailed with them to England.

‘These men,’ wrote Camden, ‘who were thus brought back were the first that I know of that brought into England that Indian plant which they call tobacco. . . . Certainly from that time forward it began to grow into great request, and to be sold



TOBACCO PLANT.

at a high rate, whereof in a short time many men everywhere — some for wantonness, some for health's sake, with insatiable desire and greediness — sucked in the stinking smoke through an earthen pipe, which presently they blew out again at their nostrils :

insomuch that tobacco-shops are now as ordinary in most towns as tap-houses and taverns ; so that the Englishmen's bodies (as one said wittily) which are so delighted with this plant, seem, as it were, to be degenerated into the nature of barbarians, since they are delighted, and think they may be cured, with the same things which the barbarians use.'

Drake returned to England in the summer of 1586. By this time the strife between Spain and England was growing more bitter every day. Englishmen helped the Dutch, who had once been subjects of the King of Spain, in their revolt. Plots for the assassination of Elizabeth were frequently

formed in England by men who wished to see the imprisoned Mary Stuart, the Queen of Scots, on the English throne. In February, 1587, the Queen of Scots, having been accused of a guilty knowledge of one of these plots, was beheaded at Fotheringay. King Philip's wrath was kindled. He resolved to fit out a great fleet for the invasion of England, to bring to submission the audacious islanders who plundered



EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

his ships and colonies, helped his rebellious subjects, and scorned his religion.

In April 1587, Drake was therefore sent to sea once more. This time he was to go to the coast of Spain to destroy as many Spanish ships as he could. On his way he met some Dutch ships, and learnt that there were many vessels at Cadiz busily embarking warlike munitions and provisions for the invading fleet. On April 16 he sailed into Cadiz harbour

amidst a storm of shot. Before night came he had burned, destroyed, or captured no less than a hundred vessels, amongst them a new ship of what was then considered to be the enormous size of 1,200 tons. The Spanish admiral was so vexed by the disaster that he fell ill, and died a few months after.

Drake had done much, but he would not be satisfied unless he could do more. 'I assure your honour,' he wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham, the Secretary of State, 'the like preparation was never heard of nor known, as the King of Spain daily maketh to invade England. He is allied with mighty princes and dukes, of whom (besides the forces in his own dominions) he is to have great aid shortly; and his provisions of bread and wine are so great as will suffice 40,000 men a whole year.' Accordingly, Drake did all that was in his power to lessen these immense stores which had been laid in by the enemy. Sailing along the south coast of Portugal, which at that time formed part of the dominions of the King of Spain, he seized and burnt about a hundred more Spanish vessels laden with stores for the use of the fleet.

Then, after burning and destroying all the vessels and boats that he could find along the coast, Drake sailed for the Azores, hoping to find some wealthy prize which would enable him to satisfy his men. Here he met with one of those large ships in which the Spaniards traded with the East Indies, and which was so strongly armed that hitherto no Englishman had ventured to attack them. Its contents were extremely valuable, and it is said that the knowledge

thus gained of the wealth of the East Indies stirred up the Dutch, and afterwards the English, to form companies for the purpose of trading in that part of the world.

Drake had made the invasion of England impossible for that year. He had, as he said, singed the King of Spain's beard. By the spring of 1588 Philip had repaired his losses. The invincible Armada, as the great fleet was called in Spain, was at last ready to sail. The Duke of Medina Sidonia was appointed to the chief command. It was not intended that he should take an army with him from Spain large enough to conquer England. He had little more than 20,000 soldiers with him. With these he was directed to sail up the Channel, through the Straits of Dover, to the coast of Flanders. There he would find a Spanish army of 40,000 men under the command of the Prince of Parma, the best general of the time. This force was already provided with a large number of small vessels ready to carry it over to England. The duty assigned to the Armada was to preserve these vessels from the attack of the English and Dutch fleets during their passage across the sea.

No one in Spain doubted that, if once the whole force of 60,000 men were landed in England, they would beat down all resistance. The Spanish army was then the finest in the world. It was composed of soldiers well trained and disciplined under skilful officers. In England, on the other hand, there was no regular army at all. Labouring men, farmers, and yeomen were liable to be called on to defend

the country in case of invasion, but they were only drilled for a few days in the year, and employed the rest of their time in peaceful occupations. Such men were, no doubt, brave enough, and they would be sure to fight as well as they could in defence of their homes, but they had never served in actual war, or had submitted to that strict discipline which was absolutely necessary to make an army capable of contending on equal terms with the veterans of Spain. After the Armada had actually set sail, an army composed of such elements was assembled at Tilbury. Elizabeth was proud of the vigorous appearance of the men, and turning to Sir Francis Vere, a soldier who had fought in the wars of the Continent against Spanish troops, she asked what he thought of them. 'It is,' he replied, 'a brave army.' Elizabeth pressed her question. 'Madam,' said Vere, 'your Grace's army is brave indeed. I have not in the world the name of a coward; and yet I am the greatest coward here. All these fine fellows are praying that the enemy may land, and that there may be a battle, and I, who know that enemy well, cannot think of such a battle without dismay.'

Whether the Spanish army would have succeeded in defeating the English troops we cannot tell. It was the business of Drake and of the English sea-captains to take care that it should not have a chance of fighting on English soil. A Dutch fleet lay off the coast of Flanders blockading Parma's army, whilst the English fleet was to do its best to keep off the Armada itself.

Elizabeth placed Lord Howard of Effingham in command of the fleet. Under him, as vice-admiral, was Sir Francis Drake, the real soul of the defence. Amongst the captains were men whose names are still widely known to fame; Raleigh, who combined in his own person almost all possible qualifications to distinction, the soldier, sailor, statesman, and coloniser: Frobisher, who had long battled with the northern ice, and had given his name to the Strait which leads out of Hudson's Bay; the old John Hawkins who many years before had been Drake's commander in the disaster at St. Juan d'Ulloa, and who now had superintended the fitting out of the Queen's ships with such care that every mast and every rope was of the very best and strongest that could be had. The weather was stormy, and the gales which blew were rough enough to try the stoutest timbers; yet the vessels, as Lord Howard said, were in royal and perfect state, feeling the seas no more than if they had been riding at Chatham.

At last, on July 19, news was brought to Plymouth that the Armada was off the Lizard point. Then, as Macaulay tells the story in his sparkling verse,—

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed behind the
wall;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty
hall;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the
coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.



WITH HIS WHITE HAIR UNBONNETED, THE STOUT OLD SHERIFF COMES.'

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound
the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross made clear an ample
space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her
Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day ;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on
Beachy Head,
Far on the deep the Spaniards saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.

Whilst the beacon-fires on the hills were doing
the work which would now be done by telegraph,

and were rousing Englishmen to battle, Lord Howard and his captains were waiting with their ships at Plymouth. Tradition tells that when the warning came they were amusing themselves with a game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, an open green space raised above the beach, from which is to be seen the whole expanse of the Sound, with its bright waters and lovely shores. Most of the players wished to break off their sport when they heard the great news.



THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Drake insisted on going on. ‘There is plenty of time,’ he said, ‘to win the game and beat the Spaniards too.’

Drake was right in not being in a hurry. It was not till the afternoon of the next day that the Armada swept up to Plymouth before a light breeze. It covered an expanse of sea seven miles in breadth. It was composed of 129 ships, many of them of huge size, like floating castles. The English ships

were indeed more in number, for they had 192 in all, but they were of smaller size, measuring only 29,000 tons against the 59,000 of the Spaniards; and what was still more important, they had but 837 guns to oppose to the 2,531 which protected the Armada. It would have been madness to engage the English fleet with its little vessels broadside to broadside against such overwhelming odds.

No one knew this better than Drake. The advantage of the English ships lay not in bulk, but in construction. They were easily handled, and answered the rudder, whilst the floating castles of Spain were hardly more under control than a haystack would have been. An English captain in the wake of the enemy's track could keep his ship at what distance he pleased from the Spaniard whom he pursued. He could outsail him in every way; could come up with him if he pleased, and could tack and be off if the danger of a combat was too great.

Just before nightfall the fighting began. The English ships shifting their places rapidly poured their shot into the enemy at every advantage. The Spaniards could neither overtake their adversaries nor reach them with their shot. It was like a battle between a herd of oxen and a swarm of wasps. Lord Howard could observe that many of the large ships of the enemy were busy in stopping leaks. 'Notwithstanding,' he wrote, 'we durst not adventure to put in amongst them, their fleet being so strong; but there shall nothing be either neglected or unhazarded that may work their overthrow.'

The commanders of the Armada gave up the vain attempt to catch their nimble enemies. Up the Channel the great fleet sailed, followed up by the foe. One of the largest ships caught fire. Another came into collision with one of its comrades and was abandoned; it dropped astern and surrendered to Drake. For some days the running fight was kept up. The Spaniards were brave men, and did their best to resist, but they could not overcome the disadvantages of the unwieldy construction of their ships. 'The great guns,' wrote Camden, 'rattled like so many peals of thunder; but the shot from the high-built Spanish ships flew for the most part over the heads of the English without doing any execution, owing to their high fore-castles, and their inability to depress their guns. . . . The reason was, that the English ships were moved and managed with such agility, giving their broadsides to the larger and more unwieldy of the enemy, and sheering off again just as they pleased, while the Spanish heavy ships lay as so many butts for the English to fire at.' The Spaniards were anxious to board the English ships. If they had been able to do this they would have had a great advantage from the large number of their soldiers, but they never could get near enough to make the attempt.

At last, on the 27th, the Armada reached the friendly port of Calais. Medina Sidonia had for some time been sending hurried messages to the Prince of Parma for aid. The Prince replied that he could do nothing. He could not leave the coast of Flanders

unless the Armada came to protect him against the English fleet. Though a storm had driven off the Dutch blockading squadron, he could not venture to put to sea. The boats which he had prepared as transports were not made to encounter a storm, and could only cross in fine weather.

In the meanwhile the English captains had difficulties of their own. Elizabeth had but a small revenue, and for many years she had forborne to ask her subjects to increase it, lest additional taxation should rouse their opposition. Under the absolute necessity of keeping down expenditure to the lowest possible limit, she had been forced to be extremely economical, and before long economy stiffened into the meanest stinginess. At this critical moment she had doled out stores of provisions and gunpowder with a sparing hand, and the sailors who had fought so well were left without the means of firing a cannon; and in a few days more they would be without the means of providing themselves with a dinner.

In these desperate circumstances a council of war met on board Lord Howard's ship. On one point every member of it was agreed. The Armada must not be allowed to remain quietly at Calais to repair its damages and to stock itself with powder and shot and fresh provisions. After some consideration it was resolved to drive the enemy out with fireships. Eight of the English vessels were selected, and filled with pitch and other materials which were likely to catch fire easily. At midnight the eight vessels were let go. The tide swept them

down towards the part of the harbour in which the Spanish fleet was anchored. The wind blew them on in the same direction. Just as they were reaching their destination the sailors set alight the combustibles on board, leapt over the sides into their boats, and rowed away. The Spaniards were roused by the sudden appearance of eight great masses of flame bearing down upon them, where a moment before there had been nothing but black darkness. They had no time to consider what precautions could be taken. Cries of 'Cut the cables' were heard from one end of the line to the other. Quick strokes of the axe promptly set each ship at liberty. Sails were hoisted, and the whole fleet, with the exception of one large ship which had run aground, escaped safely to sea.

They hoped, no doubt, to return to their anchorage on the morrow. Drake had determined that this should not be. The wind was rising to a gale, and the Spaniards must not be left where they might hope, when the weather moderated, to reach the shore on which the Prince of Parma was waiting for them with his army. Such heavy awkward ships would never be able to return to the Flemish coast if once they were driven beyond it. By this time the English had obtained fresh ammunition, and when the Spaniards attempted to come back to Calais they were received with a storm of shot. They tried in vain to return it. As their ships rolled on the waves, now mounting high before the gale, their unskilful gunners were unable to direct their cannon to the mark. All day long the

huge sides of their ships lay like targets to be riddled by the shot fired by well tried English seamen, who could fire as steadily amidst the tossing waves as if they had been exercising on dry land. Some of the Spanish ships were sent or driven ashore upon the shallow flats of the Flemish coast. The wind rose still more, and when night came Medina Sidonia thought himself lucky that the English, whose ammunition had again fallen short, seemed inclined to let him alone. Four thousand of his men had been killed or drowned in that day's fight, if it can be called a fight where all the damage was on one side. The remains of the Armada drifted past the low coast, from which they had expected to embark an army for the conquest of England, flying wildly before the storm and the English guns. 'God,' wrote Drake, 'hath given us so good a day in forcing the enemy to leeward, as I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sidonia shall not shake hands these few days; and whensoever they shall meet, I believe neither of them will greatly rejoice of this day's service.'

The next day the English sailors had but little powder left in their whole fleet. But their commanders knew how to appear to be strong even when they were not. They followed up the chase, and the Armada fled before them. Drake and Raleigh and many another avenger was behind. In the front death stared the brave Spaniards in the face in another form. The swelling waves were beating wildly on the low flats of Holland, and with such unwieldy ships it would be impossible, unless the

wind changed, to avoid certain destruction. Just as the danger was at the highest, the westerly gale fell and was succeeded by a gentle breeze springing up from the east. Medina Sidonia, if he had had any courage left, might have shifted his course for Calais, and striven, even yet, to pick up Parma's army.

Neither he nor his men dared to face once more the English fleet. Orders were given to steer for the north, and to seek a way of return round the north of Scotland and the west of Ireland. Before long the wind shifted once more to the south, and made any other course impossible. 'There was never,' wrote Drake, 'anything that pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards. With the grace of God, if we live, I doubt it not but ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange trees. God give us grace to depend on Him, so shall we not doubt victory, for our cause is good.'

For a time Howard and Drake followed up the flying enemy. At last, when their provisions began to fail through Elizabeth's parsimony, they put back to the English coast, knowing that the gale would not suffer the Spaniards to return, and, as one of the English captains said, that many of them would never see Spain again.

It was quite true. The baffled Armada fled round the north of Scotland, dropping disabled vessels to sink unaided as it went on its way. Then they steered round the coast of the west of Ireland. Many a tall ship, with its rigging worn away and

its masts snapped, was driven on the rocks and cliffs of that ironbound coast, on which the waves of the broad Atlantic dash with all their force. An Englishman counted no less than 1,100 corpses on a beach five miles in length. Spaniards who struggled on shore were shot or hanged by the English officials. Of the whole of the Spanish fleet no more than fifty reached Spain.

It is sad to know that Elizabeth treated her own victorious sailors with neglect. She had summoned the nation to her aid in its own defence, and had spoken noble words to the strong men who rallied round her. But she doled out provisions to the sailors with a sparing hand, and most of those who returned were left to die of diseases incurred by the scantiness of their food at a time when their service had been so hard.

It was no mean victory which these men, assisted by the fury of the winds and waves, had won for England. The prize at stake was the independence of the country and its continued existence as a free, self-governing community. Its religion was not to be dictated to it by a foreign power, but was to shape itself under influences exerted over it within this island itself. The laws by which it was to be governed, and the choice of the sovereign to whom it would render obedience, were matters with which thenceforward no king of a continental State was to venture to interfere.

Never again, as we know, did a Spanish king send forth a fleet and army for the invasion of England. Those, however, who had witnessed the defeat

of the great fleet did not expect this. They fancied that a new Armada might yet be launched which would attempt to carry out the enterprise when the gales blew less fiercely. All the energy of Elizabeth's Government was, therefore, thrown into the task of weakening Spain.

In 1589 Drake was sent out once more. This time he was placed in command of a considerable fleet, on board which was a small army under the command of Sir John Norris.

The expedition was less successful than many others undertaken by Drake with far inferior means had been. The lower town of Corunna was plundered, but the upper town resisted all the efforts of the assailants. After that the soldiers were landed and marched against Lisbon. But they had strangely omitted to bring cannon with them, and without cannon they found it impossible to break down the defences of the town. Drake in the meantime was capturing ships laden with stores which he believed to be intended for the Spanish fleet. After that he had nothing but ill-fortune. When the soldiers had re-embarked it was found that there was not enough provisions on board to feed them all, and sickness broke out amongst the hungry men. After large numbers had perished, the fleet returned to England. Some booty was brought home, but far less than had been expected of an expedition on so large a scale.

In 1592 Drake appeared in a new character. His fellow-citizens of Plymouth elected him as their representative in the House of Commons, where he

warmly supported the grant of a large sum of money to the Queen, in order that the war against Spain might be vigorously carried on. In 1595 he was sent, in conjunction with old Sir John Hawkins, to attack once more the Spanish possessions in the West Indies. They had under their command a fine fleet. Before anything could be done in the West Indies, Hawkins fell ill and died. Drake made his way to Puerto Rico, where a rich Spanish galleon had been lying. This time, however, the Spaniards were well prepared. They had sunk the galleon in the harbour, and had protected her with a floating barrier composed of spars, over which the great guns of the forts were ready to pour their shot. Drake and his men gallantly made the attempt to break through the defences, but, after a heavy loss, they were compelled to draw off.

Drake was already suffering from illness, and the bad state of his health seems to have soured his temper. He sailed along the north coast of South America, failing to obtain much booty, but ravaging and burning as he went. At last he arrived at Nombre de Dios, the place which, many years before, he had spoken of as the treasure-house of the world. This time the treasure-house was almost empty, and after burning the town, Drake resolved to cross the isthmus to Panama, where he expected to find piles of gold and silver. He never reached the place. The Spaniards fired at his men from the woods, and killed so many of them that he thought it prudent to retreat.

Once more on board ship a commander like

Drake might still have hoped to find an opportunity of inflicting some blow upon the enemy. But the disease under which he was suffering made rapid progress, and on January 28, 1596, on the sea between Nombre de Dios and Porto Bello, the great sea captain died, at the age of fifty-five.

‘If any one,’ says an old writer, ‘should be desirous to know something of Sir Francis Drake’s person, he was of stature low, but set and strong grown; a very religious man towards God and His houses, generally sparing the churches wherever he came; chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, merciful to those that were under him, and hating nothing so much as idleness. In matters of moment he was never wont to rely on other men’s care, how trusty or skilful soever they might seem to be, but always contemning danger and refusing no toil.’

Amongst those who have taken part in founding and preserving this England in which we live, Drake occupies an honourable place. If he plundered galleons and sacked towns, he did no more than that which others of every nation and creed thought it, in his day, no shame to do. That he bore himself courteously to his prisoners, and spared human life as far as was consistent with the object which he set before him, was a merit which was all his own. If he in some respects reminds us of the Black Prince, it is certain that he never did nor ever could perpetrate a crime like the massacre of Limoges. By his skill and his devotion to duty he took a noble place amongst the guardians of our land who drove

off the Spanish invaders, and who preserved our shores inviolate from the tread of a foreign army which was longing to impose on us the yoke of a law and a religion which we had not chosen as our own. If England remained free and independent, it was in great part the result of the life-work of Sir Francis Drake.



SHIPS OF WAR—TIME OF ELIZABETH.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born in 1599, three years after the death of Drake, and four years before the death of Elizabeth. Elizabeth had many faults, but her successor, James I., had more ; he did not understand, as Elizabeth had understood, how to lead a free and high-spirited nation. Elizabeth had made war with Spain, and James had wisely made peace as soon as the independence of England was secured. But he had not been content with bringing the war to an end. He proposed to marry his son to a Spanish princess, and by this he made himself extremely unpopular in England. The marriage, however, never took place,

and when Charles I. came to the throne in 1625, he engaged in a war with Spain, and two years later he engaged in a war with France. He left all the arrangements for these wars in the hands of his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, whose mismanagement caused one disaster after another. All England was united in detestation of a government so incompetent.

Such were the years during which the youth and early manhood of Oliver Cromwell were spent. His father, Robert Cromwell, was a gentleman living at Huntingdon, the younger son of a man who had squandered away the greater part of a considerable property, and who left behind him an eldest son who squandered away the remainder. Oliver's father was a man of a very different stamp. In his household there was no extravagance. The young Oliver was sent to the grammar-school of the town, and afterwards to Cambridge, where he was admitted a member of the University on the very day on which Shakspeare died at Stratford. In the following year his father died, and the care of his widowed mother with that of his sisters devolved upon Oliver. After a time he went to London to study law, not because he intended to be a lawyer, but because every gentleman in those days was expected to know something of the law of his own country. Before he left London, when he was only in his twenty-second year, he married Elizabeth Bourchier, who proved a true and faithful wife to him in every variety of fortune.

Soon after Oliver settled in Huntingdon a great

change came over him. He learnt, like so many of those who in those times bore the nickname of Puritan, to look back upon his past life as utterly sinful. We need not suppose that he had been more than careless about religion and fond of the sports of youth because he speaks of himself as having been exceedingly guilty. 'You know,' he wrote some years afterwards, 'what my manner of life hath been. Oh! I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was chief, the chief of sinners. This is true. I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me.' Something of this kind had been said by Sir Thomas More of himself, and the self-accusation need not be taken more literally in the one case than in the other. For some time Cromwell's whole soul was stirred by this feeling of his own unworthiness. At last he grew calmer. He came to believe in the saving mercy of his Saviour, and to cast his cares and sins upon Him. In after years he felt assured that he could not have learned this lesson unless he had first learned to know his own need of help. 'Whoever,' he wrote to his daughter, 'tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity, and badness?'

Cromwell's piety was not of that kind which sends a man to self-contemplation, or to the avoidance of the perils of the world. His practical nature made him take pleasure in the daily business of life, in the toils of providing for his wife and his young family, as he afterwards took it in guiding an army or controlling the policy of the State. He was one of those who thoroughly understood the meaning

of the saying, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

That he conducted himself honourably in the sight of men, we may gather from the fact that in 1628 he was elected by his fellow-townsmen, who knew better than others whether he was a hypocrite or not, to represent them in the House of Commons. In the first session he sat silently. The breaches of the law by the king and his officers had caused universal indignation, and the Petition of Right was in the end accepted by the king as the fitting remedy. Such matters Cromwell may have thought were better left to be handled by the lawyers. In the second session, in 1629, he spoke once. Questions about religion were being discussed. Some of the clergy, who were supported by the king, had introduced ceremonies into the worship which Cromwell and those who agreed with him believed to be unfit to be used in Protestant churches, and Cromwell spoke harshly of these men. The session did not last long. The king dissolved Parliament, and he did not call another for eleven years.

During those years Charles I. did many things to exasperate the nation. He allowed Laud, who, in 1633, became Archbishop of Canterbury, to enforce upon all the clergy the whole of the Prayer Book. In our own time this would not be considered as a hardship, because any one who dislikes the Prayer Book of the Church of England can separate from that Church, and use any form of prayer which he prefers without any punishment from the State. In the days of Charles I. any one who stayed away from

church was fined; and those who collected a congregation to preach to it, or pray with it, could be sent to prison. There was soon, therefore, a large number of persons, of whom Cromwell was one, who wished to change the services of the Church and to make them simpler than they were. Besides these there was a still larger number of persons who disliked Charles's government, because he made them pay large sums of money without obtaining the consent of Parliament. Ship-money, a tax levied by the mere will of the king to meet the expenses of the navy, was especially unpopular.

During these years little is heard of Cromwell. He prospered as a grazier, keeping cattle first near Huntingdon and then near St. Ives. On one occasion he made some stir by taking up the cause of poor men who were badly treated in a division of lands made when the fens were being drained; but on the whole he seems to have attended to his own concerns, and he certainly did not take any public part in protesting against the actions of the king.

In 1640, both in the Short Parliament which met in April, and in the more famous Long Parliament which met in November, he sat as member for Cambridge. When the Long Parliament met the king's power had entirely broken down. He had made the Scots his enemies by attempting to force them to use a new Prayer Book, and they had invaded England, and defeated part of his army. The members of the Long Parliament were determined to put an end to the past abuses. They impeached and executed

Strafford, Charles's chief adviser. They abolished ship-money, and compelled Charles to consent to a bill putting it out of his power to levy money again without consent of Parliament, and they also put an end to several courts which had inflicted punishment without the assistance of juries.

To these changes there was scarcely any opposition. But the case was altered when the House of Commons began to consider whether any changes should be made in the Church. A large number of the members wished to see the Prayer Book left untouched, or, at least, only slightly modified ; and also desired that the bishops should retain their authority in order that they might be able to punish those persons who found fault with the Prayer Book, or who, if they were clergymen, neglected to use it. On the other hand, a large number of members wished that the Prayer Book should be considerably altered, and that the bishops should be stripped of much of their power, or, perhaps, abolished altogether.

In November 1641, the latter party drew up the Grand Remonstrance. This celebrated document, after recounting the details of the king's past misgovernment, demanded that ministers of the Crown should be such as Parliament could have confidence in, and that an assembly of divines should be summoned to suggest a plan for the future government of the Church.

Amongst those who gave the warmest support to these demands was Cromwell. He was most anxious to see the power of the bishops diminished, and he

knew that it was not safe to leave to Charles the right of appointing what ministers and officers he pleased. A rebellion had recently broken out in Ireland, and it would be necessary to send an army to suppress it. If the officers of that army were named by Charles, he would be able to use it against the House of Commons as soon as it had accomplished its task in Ireland.

So clear did the matter appear to Cromwell, that he could not understand that any one could honestly disagree with him. 'Why,' he said to Falkland, who was hostile to the proposed ecclesiastical changes, and who wanted to postpone the debate, 'would you have it put off?' 'There would not have been time enough,' was the reply, 'for sure it will take some debate.' 'A very sorry one,' said Cromwell. He was not prepared for the strength of opposition that was aroused. The vote on the Remonstrance was not taken till after midnight, a late hour on days when the House met usually at eight o'clock in the morning. The Remonstrance was carried by only eleven votes. Before the House separated the two parties almost came to blows. As the members left, Falkland asked Cromwell whether there had been a debate. 'I will take your word for it another time,' was the answer. 'If the Remonstrance had been rejected, I would have sold all I had the next morning, and never have seen England any more; and I know there are many other honest men of this same resolution.'

In these words Cromwell spoke out his whole mind. To be forced to worship, or rather to pretend

to worship, in a way which they believed to be offensive to God and destructive to the health of their own souls, was intolerable to these old Puritans. They would rather die than submit to it. Unfortunately they did not content themselves with asking religious liberty for themselves. They wished to compel all others to worship as they did. So far as they asked for liberty for themselves they did well. So far as they denied it to others they did ill. For the present Cromwell thought as others thought. That which makes his life worth telling is that he had a mind open to receive impressions from the facts around him, and that he grew larger-hearted and more tolerant, whilst many a man who started with him learned nothing from experience.

From the debate on the Grand Remonstrance, it was but a short step to civil war. In January, Charles attempted to seize five members of the House of Commons whom he accused of treason. Failing in this, he left London and drew off towards the north. The king and the Parliament each claimed the right of commanding the militia—that is to say, the citizen soldiers who in those days were called from their ordinary avocations of life to defend England in times of invasion or rebellion. Neither party would trust the other. In the main, those who wished to see the Prayer Book altered took the side of Parliament, and those who wished it to be preserved unchanged took the side of the king. Amongst the former were the citizens of London, the majority of the townsmen and the small landowners, especially in the south and east of England. Amongst the

latter were the majority of the country gentlemen and their tenants, especially in the north and west.

The war began on August 22, 1642, when the king raised his standard at Nottingham. Cromwell thought that he could serve the cause which he followed better in the field than in the House of Commons, and he became captain of a troop of horse in the Parliamentary army. In those days cavalry was more important to an army than it is now. The infantry had muskets so heavy that they could only fire them from portable rests, which they carried with them, and these muskets had no bayonets, and could only be fired slowly. The musketeers were accompanied by pikemen, who did their best to protect them; but it was seldom, if ever, that musketeers and pikemen combined could resist a charge of cavalry in the open field. Hence the army which had the best cavalry was superior to the army which had the best infantry.

How superior the king's cavalry was, was shown in the first battle of the war. The armies met at Edgehill, in Warwickshire. Prince Rupert, at the head of the Royal horse, swept away almost the whole of the Parliamentary cavalry and nearly half of its foot soldiers. If Rupert had been a good general, he would have wheeled round and destroyed the whole of the enemy's foot. As it was, he dashed after the flying rout in headlong haste. Whilst he was pursuing the fugitives, the remainder of the Parliamentary infantry recovered itself, and was supported by some troops of horse which had remained unde-

feated, and amongst which was the one commanded by Captain Cromwell. These men inflicted severe injury upon the king's army, though they could not quite make up for the losses suffered in the early part of the battle.

Cromwell was one of those men who, when they see anything going wrong, are not content till they have found out the cause of the mischief and have devised a remedy. 'Your troops,' he said to his cousin Hampden, 'are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? You must get men of a different spirit—and take it not ill what I say; I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still.' Cromwell was not one to talk and not to act. In the following year he was sent into his own eastern counties, which had formed an association to enable them to resist the king the better. Here he became a colonel of a regiment. He took care that no man should enter into that regiment who was not zealously Puritan in religion, and who did not believe, as strongly as he believed himself, that the cause for which he was fighting was the cause of God. But he also took care that no one should enter who would not submit to discipline of the strictest kind. No pious talk would satisfy Cromwell if the man who used it would not bear himself manfully in the day of battle.

The campaign of 1643 was one to test the quality of any troops. Charles was steadily gaining ground. By the end of the year the south of England, from Cornwall to Hampshire, was, with the exception of a few isolated posts, commanded by his armies. The Marquis of Newcastle, his general in the north, held the whole country from the Tweed to the Humber, with the exception of Hull. Charles was himself firmly established at Oxford, and though he had failed to capture Gloucester, he had pushed on beyond Reading on his way to London. If Newcastle were strong enough to march south in the following summer, the Parliamentary cause would hardly be able to maintain itself much longer.

To check Newcastle, the Parliamentary leaders had two resources at their command. In the first place, a Scottish army had consented to cross the Tweed, and to attack the Royalists in Yorkshire from the north. In the second place, the army of the counties which had combined to form the Eastern Association still barred Newcastle's way to the south.

That army was now under the command of the Earl of Manchester, but Cromwell was its leading spirit. He had fought hard during the campaign of 1643, and after sweeping the Royalists out of Lincolnshire, had brought that county to join the Association. He now became lieutenant-general, or second in command over Manchester's army.

That army effected a junction with the Scottish army in Yorkshire. On July 2 the combined forces fought the battle of Marston Moor against Newcastle and Rupert. It was late in a summer evening when

the two armies drew up face to face. Rupert thought there would be no fighting till the next morning, and flung himself on the grass to rest and to eat his supper. Newcastle, who did not love the Prince, came up to remonstrate with him on his military arrangements. Rupert was too headstrong to listen, and Newcastle went off angrily to smoke a pipe in his own quarters. Before the pipe was lighted the battle had begun. Cromwell, seeing how little prepared the enemy was, charged Rupert's horse, even at that late hour. That famous cavalry, all unprepared as it was, was broken and chased off the field. If Cromwell had hurried far in pursuit he would but have copied the ill example set by Rupert at Edgehill. Cromwell knew better. He pulled up, and turned to see how it fared with the rest of the army. He found that it had been beaten by the Royalists in that part of the field in which he was not present. His return renewed the fight, and before nightfall all Newcastle's troops were beaten by that unconquerable horse. Of 20,000 who had followed Newcastle to the field, no more than 3,000 were in a fit state to rally round him the next day. All Yorkshire and the north fell into the hands of the Parliamentary generals.

Cromwell, stern as he was to those whom he believed to be fighting against God, had a tender heart. His own son had been killed in the course of the last year's fighting. 'Sir,' he now wrote after the battle to Colonel Walton, 'God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon shot. It broke his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he

died. Sir, you know my trials this way. But the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, not to know sin nor sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceeding gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russell and myself he could not express it—it was so great, above his pain. This he said to us. . . . A little after he said, one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what that was. He told me that it was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and, as I am informed, three horses more, I am told he bid them open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly, he was exceedingly beloved in the army of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice.’

It is a dangerous doctrine to teach men that they can regard themselves with certainty as the executioners of God’s enemies. Yet even at this time, when he was acting as if no Royalist could be other than an enemy of God, Cromwell’s own mind was gradually widening out to accept the doctrine that, at least under considerable limitations, religious liberty is a good thing for the State which allows it. It was characteristic of him that he did not come to this conclusion by mere meditation on the beauty

of toleration. He raised himself to grasp a new idea by his perception of the practical advantages which would ensue to the army from its adoption. His business was to beat the enemy, and he knew that he could not beat the enemy unless he could get the best officers it was possible to get. In one case the best officer might be a Presbyterian, in another case a Baptist, in a third case an Independent. Why, he asked himself, were any of these men to be excluded because of their religious opinions? 'Sir,' he wrote to an officer who wished to see no Baptists—or, as they were then called, Anabaptists—in the army, 'the State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions; if they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies. I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself; if you had done it when I advised you to it, I think you would not have had so many stumbling-blocks in your way. It may be you judge otherwise; but I tell you my mind. I desire you would receive this man into your favour and good opinion. I believe, if he follow my counsel, he will deserve no other but respect from you. Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little, but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion.'

It does not follow that Cromwell wished to appoint officers from all possible religions. 'If they be willing faithfully to serve the State,' he wrote, 'that satisfies.' He did not believe that members of the Church of England or of the Roman Catholic Church would ever really wish to serve the State. They were in

his eyes the enemies of God, and they were indisputably the enemies of Parliament. Besides there was no likelihood that any one of them would accept a command in the Parliamentary army, and Cromwell therefore did not think it necessary to inquire whether they ought to be tolerated or not.

Cromwell did not stand alone in these views. In Parliament and in the country a large number of men by this time advocated the grant of complete toleration to all Puritans. They are known in history as the Independent party, though it would be better to speak of them as the Tolerationist party. Their opponents were known as the Presbyterians, because they wished to establish a Presbyterian Church, and to refuse toleration to all other religious bodies.

The victory of Marston Moor relieved the Parliamentary army from a great danger. There was no longer a powerful enemy in the north threatening to bear down upon London and to make further defence impossible. Earlier in the year, too, Hopton, who commanded the king's forces in Hampshire, had been defeated at Cheriton, near Alresford, and the Parliamentary troops had therefore to deal only with the king's main army, which still held its own in the neighbourhood of Oxford. In order to grapple with this enemy, the Earl of Manchester, with Cromwell as his lieutenant-general, was ordered to march south, bringing with him the troops which he had commanded at Marston Moor.

The order was obeyed, and the two armies met at Newbury near the ground on which a battle had been fought in the preceding year. Manchester

gained the day, but he did not follow up his victory. Cromwell had reason to believe that his superior officer did not wish to crush the king. Like Essex, in fact, Manchester cherished the idea of re-establishing a Parliamentary Constitution, and believed it to be possible to convince the king that the civil war could only be brought to an end by his acceptance of the chief position in such a Constitution. He did not, therefore, wish to beat the king too much, lest Charles should be so far humiliated as to be inadmissible as a ruler under any conditions. Cromwell took a very different view of the matter. 'If I met the king in battle,' he said, 'I would as soon pistol him as any other man.' Into the remote future he did not pry. It was not in his nature to be very anxious as to what might be the final shape of the Constitution ten or twenty years afterwards. The task immediately before him he thoroughly understood. The army was engaged in war, and it was the business of the army to defeat the enemy. To fight battles and to take care not to win them too completely was the way to continue useless bloodshed. If the enemy was not to be crushed it would be better not to engage in war at all.

There was something else in Manchester's mind besides his unwillingness to crush the king which made Cromwell his antagonist. Manchester's idea of a peace was not only one which should place Constitutional restraints upon the king, it was also one which should establish Presbyterianism in England, and prohibit independent religious meetings. In this, as Cromwell knew, Manchester would have the

Scots on his side, and he therefore wished to have an army which should be as ready to fight the Scots if they played the part of oppressors in England as it was ready to fight the Royalists.

Filled with these thoughts, Cromwell brought heavy charges against Manchester. For a time it seemed likely that there would be a violent struggle between the two men. Suddenly the tempest calmed, and a compromise was adopted which gave Cromwell all he wanted. The charges against Manchester were dropped, but Parliament passed an Ordinance, known as the Self-denying Ordinance, by which all members of either House were thenceforward excluded from military commands. Essex and Manchester resigned their posts. Cromwell should have done the same, but Parliament could not spare so good a soldier, and he was exempted from the operation of the Ordinance.

In consequence of this change the Parliamentary army was entirely reorganised, and Sir Thomas Fairfax was appointed to the supreme command as general. Cromwell served under him as lieutenant-general. It was not, however, merely by a change of officers that the army was made stronger than it had been before. Care was taken that the soldiers of the new model—as the reconstructed army was at that time familiarly called—should be of the same zealous Puritanism which had characterised Cromwell's troopers when he first served as a simple captain of the Eastern Association. That it was composed of men of stern religious zeal, but also with a tendency to tolerate all forms of Puritan faith,

was the distinctive feature of the new model. Strange opinions were to be found amongst the soldiers, many of whom occupied themselves with preaching to one another after their work was done.

The army thus formed was never beaten on the field. To intense enthusiasm the new soldiers joined a readiness to submit to discipline which made them invincible. On June 14, 1645, they found



BATTLE OF NASEBY.

themselves confronted by Charles's army at Naseby. There were about 20,000 men on either side. The Royalists came on bravely. 'I can say this of Naseby,' wrote Cromwell after the fight was over, 'that when I saw the army draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle—the general having commanded me to order all the horse—I could not,

riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to naught things that are, of which I had great assurance. And God did it.'

Cromwell was not one of those who allowed his trust in God to make him slack in action. As at Edgehill, Rupert broke the part of the army opposed to him and scampered off in headlong pursuit, unmindful of the battle behind. Cromwell held on like a bulldog to the object of his attack. Before the evening the whole of the king's troops were flying in hot haste from the field. Charles never again in that war gathered a force which could stand up in the field against Fairfax and Cromwell. For a year more the war went on. There were fortified posts to be captured, and small detachments to be forced into submission. In April 1646 even Charles, sanguine as he was, saw that his case was hopeless. He rode out of Oxford to deliver himself up, not to Fairfax and Cromwell, but to David Leslie, who commanded the Scottish army at Newark, and whom in May he accompanied to Newcastle. Charles hoped that the Scots would take his part. Had he not been born in Scotland, and was he not the descendant of the ancient Scottish kings?

For some months Charles was occupied in negotiating with the Scots and the English Parliament. They wanted to induce him to agree to the establishment of Presbyterianism in England. Charles, however, would consent to nothing of the kind; and in January 1647 the Scots gave him up to the

English Parliament, who established him at Holmby House, in Northamptonshire.

Whilst the king was there, a quarrel broke out between the Parliament and the army. The Parliament wished to disband part of the army without payment for its past services, and to send the remainder to Ireland. Naturally the army objected to be even in part disbanded unless it first received its pay. But the chief dispute was on a question of far greater importance. The Parliament had tried to establish Presbyterianism all over the country, and though it had not as yet succeeded in doing so, it was most anxious to gain the object which it had set before it. It imagined that it would be extremely dangerous to allow men of all sects to teach and to worship as they thought right. Plain people, it considered, would be so distracted by these various teachers, that they would cease to believe anything at all. In the army, on the other hand, the sects were predominant. It had become a fixed opinion amongst the soldiers that the Government had no right to meddle with a man's religion so long as he lived peaceably. 'If I choose to worship that pint-pot,' said a soldier on one occasion, 'what is that to you?' Many of the soldiers were themselves preachers, and none of them were willing to return to their homes as private citizens unless they could be sure that they would be allowed to worship as they thought right when they were there.

The army, therefore, resolved to resist. The soldiers elected representatives, called agitators—so named from an old use of the word implying that

the representatives were to act in the name of those who sent them—and these agitators met the officers to discuss what was to be done.

Officers and agitators together entered upon a long discussion with the Parliament. As the discussion seemed unlikely to bring them that which they wanted, they turned their eyes upon the king. He was under the displeasure of the Presbyterians, as



JOYCE ARRESTING CHARLES I.

well as they. Why should they not bring him amongst them, and restore him to power on condition that he should grant to others that liberty of conscience which he claimed for himself?

On the morning of June 3, a certain Cornet Joyce, at the head of a party of cavalry, appeared in the park of Holmby House. In the evening he saw the king, and told him that he had authority from

the army to take him away. Charles gave no positive answer, and on the following morning Joyce again pressed him to go. The king asked him whether he had a commission from Fairfax or from any one else to do what he proposed. Joyce led the king to the window, and pointed to the men on horseback drawn up on the lawn. 'There is my commission, your majesty,' he said. 'A fair commission and well-written,' replied Charles; 'a company of as handsome, proper gentlemen as ever I saw in my life.' Charles then dressed himself in his riding-clothes, and went off with Joyce, apparently well pleased at the turn which affairs had taken. If the army was quarrelling with the Parliament, he thought it might perhaps be disposed to set him on the throne again. In the evening the party arrived at Huntingdon, where Charles found himself among the soldiers. The strife between Parliament and army waxed hotter, till at last, on August 6, the army marched into Westminster, turning out of the House of Commons eleven of the leading Presbyterians.

It is a sad thing when armed force prevails over argument, and when soldiers dictate to Parliament what they shall do or shall not do. It must not, however, be forgotten that this Parliament was not like the Parliaments of our own days, which are responsible to public opinion, expressed whenever the time arrives for a dissolution and fresh elections. In the heat of its struggle with the king in 1641, the Long Parliament had wrung from him his consent to a bill enacting that it should never be dissolved

without its own consent. There was, therefore, no power in England which could legally put an end to its sittings. It might give orders of which public opinion heartily disapproved, and which were most injurious to the nation. Whether public opinion was on the side of the army or not it is difficult to say, but, at all events, the army had justice on its side, in asking that men who had jeopardised their lives in the cause of the Parliament should not be sent home to be persecuted because they did not think it right to worship as Parliament wished.

The army treated the king with all honour, establishing him at Hampton Court, and making proposals to him which, if he had accepted them, would have had the effect of restoring to him all the power with which he could safely have been entrusted. He was to have full liberty of religion for himself and the Episcopal Church, provided that he would allow full religious liberty to all other Protestants. The army, in short, wished to establish that system of toleration which was at last set up in the reign of William III., and which continues to exist in our own days. Unfortunately neither the king nor the Parliament was ready to adopt so excellent a scheme, and, strong as the army was, it was not strong enough to make either Charles or Parliament wiser than they were. Charles had, indeed, no objection to occupy as much time as possible, in the hope that the army and Parliament might quarrel with one another, and might end by asking him to rule over England in the old way. At last, however, he discovered that this was un-

likely to happen, and he then fled to the Isle of Wight, where he found himself in the hands of one of the Parliamentary officers. He was placed in confinement in Carisbrooke Castle, and a fresh negotiation was opened at Newport between him and the Parliament.

Charles, however, had no thought of carrying this negotiation to an end. He had found out by this time that he had no chance of winning over the army to become his instrument in effecting his restoration to his old authority, and he therefore turned to the Scots. The Scots, indeed, were as jealous of the power of the army as he was himself. They thought that their intervention at Marston Moor had been the real cause of the defeat of the king, and they were angry that after they had done so much, the English should refuse to set up that Presbyterian government of the Church which they believed to be of Divine appointment. To tolerate the other sects they regarded as absolutely wicked. Charles, therefore, thought that it would be easy to come to terms with the Scots, and before the end of 1647 he had made a secret treaty with them, promising to establish Presbyterianism, and to suppress the worship of the sects, if they would replace him on the throne. For many weeks he was discussing at Newport terms of arrangement with commissioners appointed by Parliament, hoping all the while that a Scottish army would soon cross the Tweed to help him, as a similar army had helped his enemies before. Suddenly, when the English Parliamentary army was thrown off its

guard, an insurrection of Charles's friends broke out in England. The first revolt was in South Wales. As soon as it was heard of Cromwell was despatched to suppress it. Then came disturbances in all the counties near London, and riots in London itself. The war which thus broke out is known as the Second Civil War. Fairfax was sent to put down the rebellion in Kent and Essex, while Cromwell besieged Pembroke. Before either of them was free to act, the Scots crossed the border and marched southwards to the aid of the Royalists. Cromwell having at last put an end to resistance in Wales marched northwards, and caught the Scots at Preston. He had but 9,000 men with which to fight 24,000. Luckily for him the 24,000 had the Duke of Hamilton for a commander, and it would have been difficult for the Scots to select a worse general. He allowed his army to straggle over the country, and Cromwell had merely to attack each portion of it separately to win a signal victory. It took him three days to do this, but when it had once been done, the victory was complete. The last day of the battle was August 19, 1648. Colchester surrendered to Fairfax on the 29th, and the Second Civil War was at an end.

The close of the second war left the soldiers in a far different temper from that in which it had been left by the first. Then they had subdued in fair fight an enemy who had stood up against them in a cause which he at least believed to be good. Now they had had to do with a trickster, who had lulled them with a false negotiation, carried on whilst he was preparing war against those who had trusted in his

sincerity. Before they went out to battle, a large number of the soldiers and officers—Cromwell himself being among them—met at a solemn prayer-meeting to consider the course which they ought to take. ‘It was the duty of their day,’ they resolved, ‘with the forces they had, to go out and fight those potent enemies which that year in all places appeared against them; and this with a humble confidence in the name of the Lord only that they would destroy them.’ They also resolved that, if they returned in peace, they would ‘call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for the blood he had shed, and mischief he had done to his utmost against the Lord’s cause and people in these poor nations.’

The time had come when this duty, as the army believed it to be, was to be fulfilled. The Parliament was of another opinion, and was carrying on the negotiation with Charles as if the Second Civil War had never happened.

The soldiers took the question into their own hands. On November 28 they removed the king from Carisbrooke, lodging him in Hurst Castle, a gloomy fortress built on what is almost an island in the midst of the Solent, united to the Hampshire coast only by a long bank of shingle. On December 5, the House of Commons persisted in its attempt to come to terms with the king. On the morning of the 6th a band of soldiers, commanded by Colonel Pride, was stationed at the door of the House. Pride had a list in his hand of members who were not to be suffered to enter. Ninety-six, of which forty-one were arrested and placed in confinement for

a time, were excluded from the House. Pride's purge, as it was called, left a majority in the Commons which would vote as the army wished it.

Cromwell was not in London when Pride's purge was carried out; but there can be little doubt that he approved of it. The next thing to be done was to give an appearance of legality to that which the law did not sanction. The king was fetched up to Windsor, and on January 1, 1649, the diminished Commons passed a resolution: 'That, by the fundamental laws of this kingdom, it is treason in the King of England for the time being to levy war against the Parliament and kingdom of England'; after which it appointed a high court of justice, consisting of 150 persons, to try the king.

The next day, the Lords—there were but twelve peers still sitting in the House—refused their consent. On the 4th the Commons declared, 'That the people' were, 'under God, the original of all just power,' and that the House of Commons 'being chosen by and representing the people,' had supreme power, and that therefore, without the concurrence of the peers, a resolution of the House of Commons would have the force of law.

The High Court of Justice was constituted, but not half the members appointed to it ever took their seats. Cromwell was there, but not Fairfax. When Fairfax's name was called, his wife cried out from amongst the spectators, 'He is not here, and will never be. You do him wrong to name him.'

Before such a court as could be brought together Charles was placed upon his trial. Of course he re-

fused to plead before it. He did not know, he said, how a king might be a delinquent by any law he ever heard of. The court condemned him to die, and on January 29, 1649, he was executed in front of his own palace of Whitehall.

It was harder to build up a new government than to destroy an old one. The fifty or sixty members who remained sitting at Westminster declared that



EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

England was now a Commonwealth, and considering themselves entitled to the name of the Parliament of England, they entrusted the government to a Council of State, consisting of forty persons. This so-called Commonwealth would not have lasted very long if the army had not been there to support it. The constituencies had not been consulted, and there is every reason to suppose that, if they had been, they would not have been favourable to the men who had

brought about the execution of the king. Even the army would soon have got tired of such a mockery of Parliamentary government, if it had not been employed in important wars, which gave its leaders no time to think of Constitutional reforms.

The first of these wars was that of Ireland. Ever since 1642 there had been fighting going on in that unhappy country; and now that there was no longer any civil war in England, it was possible to send a force across the Channel strong enough to subdue Ireland. There was no thought in England of paying the slightest attention to the wrongs of the Irish. All Puritans, and most Protestants who were not Puritans, believed it to be impious as well as dangerous to tolerate the Catholic worship, and they also believed themselves justified in confiscating the lands of all Irishmen who had taken part in the war. Cromwell was first at the head of the army which was to conquer Ireland again. To us his campaign in Ireland seems the part of history which is the least praiseworthy; but it must not be forgotten that he himself regarded it as not only justifiable, but absolutely meritorious.

When Cromwell landed in Ireland he found almost the whole country in the hands of the Irish. He marched against Drogheda and laid siege to it. The garrison was mainly composed of English Royalists. Cromwell stormed the town and butchered the garrison. There was afterwards another massacre at Wexford, but this was not ordered by Cromwell. Before long so much of the country was subdued that Cromwell was able to return to England, leaving the rest

of the work to be accomplished by his subordinates. All the Irish who had taken part in the war—and there were few indeed who had not—were to be removed to the desolate wildernesses of Connaught, whilst their lands were divided amongst Cromwell's soldiers and those Englishmen who had during the last seven years subscribed money to carry on the war. The Catholic worship was forbidden wherever the English power reached.

Such was Cromwell's campaign against the Irish in 1649. In 1650 Cromwell had a very different enemy to meet. The Scots were smarting under their defeat at Preston, and they loathed the very idea of establishing a Commonwealth, in which there would be toleration for the various sects. They therefore sent for the young Charles, the eldest son of the late king, and acknowledged him as their king. Charles II. was obliged, as long as he was in Scotland, to attend the Presbyterian worship and to listen to the Presbyterian sermons. When the English Parliament proposed to send an army against him, Fairfax was asked to command it. Fairfax refused to go. He thought that, as at that time England and Scotland were separate nations, the Scots had as much right to set up a monarchy as the English had to set up a commonwealth. Cromwell looked at the matter from a practical point of view. He felt sure that if Charles II. were allowed to maintain himself as King of Scotland, he would before long want to make himself King of England as well, especially as he had numerous partisans to the south of the Tweed. Cromwell therefore held himself justified in anticipating

this danger by invading Scotland, and accepted the command which Fairfax had declined to take.

Of all Cromwell's campaigns, this one in Scotland presented the greatest difficulties. In his opponent, David Leslie, he had to deal with a commander who understood the art of war, and who would not scatter his troops aimlessly about the country as Hamilton had done at Preston. When the English commander had crossed the border, he made for Edinburgh, longing to bring the Scots to a pitched battle. But the Scots would not fight. They entrenched themselves in strong positions, and waited till the English invaders had consumed all the provisions which they could obtain. At last the time came when Cromwell was forced to retreat. He reached Dunbar, but the Scots had occupied the road which ran to Berwick between the hills and the sea, and had cut off his way back to England. The bulk of the Scottish army lay upon the Doon Hill to the south of Dunbar. He could neither go backwards nor forwards. It would have been too dangerous to march up the steep hill to attack a whole army. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently at Dunbar till either an English fleet appeared to carry off his men, or the Scots committed some blunder, which under Leslie's guidance they were not very likely to do.

At last, even with Leslie in command, the blunder was committed. The Scots could not bear to think of the invaders escaping to a place of safety. On the afternoon of September 2 they began to move, as if intending to come down in the morning in order to fall upon the English army in the plain. Crom-

well marked the movement, and made his preparations for the next day's battle. Before dawn on the morning of the 3rd everything was in readiness. As the sun rose Cromwell directed the attack on the Scots as they were struggling down to reach the level ground. 'Let God arise,' he cried, 'and let His enemies be scattered.' His horsemen plunged into the Scottish column and broke it, driving the fugitives back amongst their own men. In a moment all was in confusion. The Scots trampled one another down, and the English dashed, slaying as they went, into the flying crowd. Three thousand honest Scotsmen lay dead on the hillside. Ten thousand prisoners were taken. Whilst the English cavalry was forming for the pursuit, Cromwell bade them halt and sing the psalm which calls on all nations to praise the Lord for His loving-kindness.

In Cromwell's mind there was no doubt that he was fighting the battle of God. He believed it as firmly as Drake had believed it when he rifled the treasure-ships of Spain. Nor can there be any doubt that in this war his was the nobler cause. If the Scots had had their way, they would have suppressed all religious liberty in England. Yet, in the end, it was not by the sword that religious liberty was secured. It came when men's thoughts were prepared to receive it. In Cromwell's time only a few men here and there cared for it, and even a victorious army could not maintain it for more than a short time.

The first result of the battle was the occupation of Edinburgh by Cromwell. Leslie, however, still

kept an army together, and in the next summer he resolved to try one more chance. Slipping by Cromwell, he marched swiftly across the border into England, and advanced southwards, hoping that the English Royalists would join him. The English Royalists, however, did not rise. The fear of Cromwell's army was upon them. The Scots struggled on till they reached Worcester, when Cromwell, who had been following hard upon their heels, came up with them, and defeated them utterly. The battle of Worcester was fought September 3, 1651, exactly one year after the battle of Dunbar. 'The dimensions of this mercy,' wrote Cromwell, 'are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy.' It was the last that, in the shape of victory, Cromwell was to have. He had seven years yet to live, but he never again drew sword on a field of battle.

For a year and a half Cromwell and the army watched the proceedings of the Parliament, and they did not like what they saw. They wished to bring to a close a war with the Dutch in which England was engaged, because they disliked seeing a war between men of the same Protestant faith. The domestic actions of Parliament were still more displeasing to them. The few members who remained on the benches had a vast amount of patronage to dispose of, and it was observed that a son or brother of a member had far more chance of obtaining a vacant post than any other person would have. It was believed, too, that many of the members were open to bribery. All persons who had taken the king's side had been made liable to lose their estates,

in order that the expenses of the war might be met by the sale of these confiscated lands. After a time, however, Parliament discovered that it was difficult to know all the lands which a Royalist might own. An order was therefore given that any Royalist who would make a true declaration of his whole property should receive back a third part of it. When the Royalists attended to make their declarations, difficulties were often thrown in their way. Some were favoured, and allowed to go home on easy terms. Others were kept hanging about for many weeks, and were only permitted to return after agreeing to surrender more than they could fairly be asked to give. It was generally believed, and probably with truth, that those who were treated well had gained their advantage over the others by slipping a sum of a hundred pounds or so into the hands of some influential member of Parliament.

The officers of the army wished that an end should speedily be put to so miserable a state of affairs. By the law as it stood, however, no one could dissolve that Parliament without its own consent, and they urged the Parliament to prepare the way for a new assembly to be elected by the English people. With no very good-will Parliament did what it was asked to do. A bill was brought in by Sir Harry Vane to make the elections more fair than they had hitherto been, to disfranchise little villages, and to distribute their members amongst the counties and the large towns. This bill, in short, was to do what was afterwards done by the great Reform Bill of 1832. Yet, though the Parliament was brought to

acknowledge that there ought to be fresh elections, it postponed the date of them as long as possible, and finally resolved that there should be no dissolution in the proper sense of the word. There were to be elections for all the constituencies which happened to be vacant; but those members who had places in the old Parliament were to continue sitting in the new one, without presenting themselves to their constituencies for re-election.

Cromwell and the officers could not bear that men, many of whom were unworthy to sit at all, should thus perpetuate their membership. In the spring of 1653 they had a long conference with the Parliamentary leaders, and obtained a promise from them that they would not go on with their bill till a further consultation had been held. On April 20, news was brought that, in spite of this promise, Parliament was debating on the bill, and would pass it with all its faults. Cromwell at once went to his place in the House, dressed 'in plain black clothes and worsted stockings.' When the bill was about to be passed, he beckoned Harrison to his side. 'This is the time,' he said; 'I must do it.' He rose to speak, saying something at first in praise of that Parliament. Then he changed his tone, and complained of its injustice and its other faults. An astonished member rose to call him to order. Cromwell was not to be called to order. 'Come, come,' he said excitedly, 'I will put an end to your prating.' Then striding up and down the floor, he cried out, 'You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament; I will put an end to your sitting. Call them in, call

them in!’ Soldiers waiting outside, entered now. Cromwell was in an angry mood. He spoke harsh words of many of the members. Then, seeing the mace, the symbol of the Speaker’s authority, he said sneeringly, ‘What shall we do with this bauble? There, take it away!’ After Harrison had handed the Speaker from his chair, Cromwell looked round again. ‘It’s you,’ he said to the members, ‘that have forced me to this; for I have sought the Lord night and day that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.’ He then ordered the House to be cleared, and as soon as the doors were locked he strode away. During the night some wag stuck up a paper on the door, on which was written, ‘This House to be let, now unfurnished.’

When Cromwell and the officers had turned out the Parliament, they had to consider how public business was to be carried on. After a while they determined to summon an assembly, not elected by constituencies like a House of Commons, but named by Cromwell, after consultation with his officers and the chief Puritan ministers. Royalist scoffers gave to this assembly the nickname of the Barebones Parliament, from the odd name of one of its members, Praise-God Barebones, a leather-seller of Fleet Street.

This unfortunate Parliament tried to do what it could for the good of the country. It set its hand to the reform of law, and it attempted to make new arrangements for the Church. There was a violent contention between two parties as to whether the clergy should be paid by the State or not, and at last it appeared that the party which wished that the

clergy should be supported by voluntary payments had a small majority of two. It was impossible for a House almost equally divided to settle the principles upon which government should be conducted, and the majority agreed to surrender all powers which they possessed to Cromwell. By the advice of the council of officers, Cromwell assumed the government of the country under the title of Lord Protector. A Constitution was drawn up, known as the Instrument of Government, by which the new Protector was to be bound to take the advice of a Council of State, and to summon a single House of Parliament once in three years, in which members of Scotland and Ireland were to be admitted. This Parliament was to make laws and to vote taxes. The Protector was not to dissolve it till after it had sat for five months.

The fact was that the nation was anxious for peace and order, and Cromwell wished to give it what it wanted. He made peace with the Dutch, against whom the Commonwealth had been at war; and he hoped that the new Parliament, when it met, would devote itself to useful legislation.

On September 3, 1654, the new Parliament met. Much to Cromwell's surprise it began by asking that the Instrument of Government should be submitted to its judgment, and that it, and not the officers, should decide under what Constitution England was to be ruled. We can easily understand why it was that Cromwell objected to this. If this Parliament were to settle everything it might prolong its own powers as the Long Parliament had done. It might refuse to grant religious liberty, or might do anything

else that was tyrannical. Yet, on the other hand, the Parliament could hardly give way. It felt instinctively that it was for the representatives of the nation to decide, and not for any body of officers, however distinguished. It is better that nations should blunder on, feeling the consequences of their own errors, and providing remedies for them from time to time, than that they should be driven in the right way by a power beyond their control.

Cromwell could not understand this; could not come down from his high position to see the country drifting aimlessly away into evil courses. In setting himself against his Parliament he was entering upon a struggle in which he might be successful as long as he lived, but in which he would be unable to secure equal success for those who came after him.

Cromwell had the army at his back, and, if that was the case, there was no force in England capable of resisting his will. He called upon the members of Parliament to sign a declaration that they would be faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth, and would not endeavour to alter the government as it was settled by the Instrument of Government. Those who signed this were admitted to the House.

- Those who refused to do it were excluded.

Even those members who were admitted did not act as Cromwell wished them to act. They were angry and querulous, and the Protector longed for the day when the five months would be over, after which he would be at liberty to dissolve the Parliament. Before the time arrived the thought struck him that

the Instrument of Government had not said whether these months were to be calendar or lunar months. As soon, therefore, as five lunar months were ended he dissolved the Parliament which had been so troublesome to him.

Cromwell, left without a Parliament, must either give up all thought of governing the country, or must govern it even more absolutely than Charles I. had once done. If he chose to govern absolutely, it was because he felt it to be his duty to do so, not because he preferred it. Other rulers, like the first Napoleon, for instance, have thought of absolute power as a good thing in itself, and have rejoiced to trample the rights of others under foot. It is Cromwell's highest praise that he felt uncomfortable at what he was doing, and that from time to time he tried to surround himself with a Parliament that should act with him instead of thwarting him.

It could not be; Cromwell had against him both the Republicans, who thought that the nation ought to be governed by its own representatives freely chosen, and the Royalists, who thought that it ought to submit to that form of government to which it had been accustomed for many generations. The Republicans were the first to plot against the Protector. Cromwell, however, detected the conspiracy, and imprisoned its leaders. Then followed a rising of the Royalists. Penruddock, with a party of gentlemen attached to the king, entered Salisbury by night, and seized two of the judges, who had arrived to hold the assizes, whilst they were still in bed. Penruddock and his comrades, however, were soon captured. He

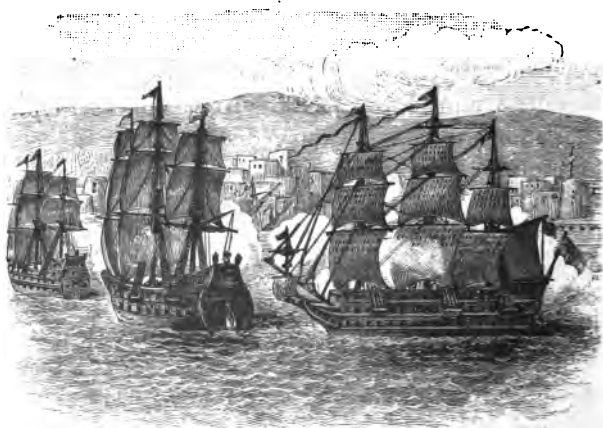
himself and a few others were executed, and the movement was entirely suppressed.

Cromwell's power could not be overthrown as long as the army supported him. That power he used well—much better, at all events, than either the Republicans or the Royalists were likely to use it. But no nation, and least of all the English nation, likes to be driven by force even along the right road. Cromwell had to levy taxes by his own sole authority, and now he found that it would be necessary to keep a special watch upon the country gentlemen, who were Royalists almost to a man. He therefore divided England into ten military districts, placing each under a major-general, who was to exercise a strict supervision over the Royalists. Cromwell thought that, as the Royalists had made this measure necessary, they ought to bear the expense. He therefore laid a special tax of ten per cent. upon the Royalists, which they alone were to pay.

Great as were Cromwell's difficulties at home, abroad he maintained the dignity of the country. Admiral Blake was despatched with a fleet to the Mediterranean, where he compelled the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany to make compensation to English merchants for allowing English property, which had been captured by Prince Rupert at sea, to be sold in their States. He then sailed for Tunis, which, like Algiers, was at that time a den of Mohammedan pirates. These pirates were in the habit of taking sailors out of the ships which they captured, forcing them to labour as slaves. The harbour of Tunis was guarded by forts, and the pirates believed

themselves to be safe. Blake destroyed their forts and burned their ships, after which, not only the pirates of Tunis, but those also of Tripoli and Algiers, gave up their English slaves, promising to make no more.

Whilst Blake was in the Mediterranean, Cromwell's anger was aroused by an act of brutality committed by an Italian sovereign. In some of the



BLAKE DESTROYING FORTS AT TUNIS.

valleys of the Alps, under the dominion of the Duke of Savoy, the ancestor of the present King of Italy, lived a Protestant population known as the Waldensians. Attempts had been made by the Catholic priests to convert them, but those attempts had been resisted, and one of the priests was murdered. The duke, instead of simply punishing the murderer, ordered the people to leave their homes and to confine themselves to a certain region. On their refusing to

go, the duke's soldiers were let loose upon them, and there was a terrible massacre, in which at least three hundred were killed, many of them under circumstances of great barbarity.

In England a strong feeling of sympathy arose. Large sums of money were gathered by subscription for the survivors. Cromwell sent a special ambassador to the duke to protest against these proceedings, and to ask for pardon for the remaining Waldensians. As the duke did not seem inclined to do anything, Cromwell appealed to Mazarin, the French chief minister, and by his intervention the duke was brought to yield, and to allow the Waldensians to continue to inhabit their ancient homes.

Mazarin had been ready to help Cromwell, because he expected much from Cromwell in return. For many years France and Spain had been at war, and each of these States had bidden high for the help of England. Probably Cromwell would have been wise to have refrained from giving help to either. But he saw that France, Catholic as she was, tolerated Protestants, and that Spain was altogether intolerant. Cromwell, too, took up the old quarrel of the Elizabethan sailors, and required the King of Spain to allow Englishmen to trade freely in the West Indies. When he made this double request for freedom of trade and for freedom of religion for English sailors, the Spanish ambassador sternly refused to grant either. 'It is,' he said, 'to ask my master's two eyes.' Cromwell sent a fleet to the West Indies, directing the commander to capture Hispaniola.

They failed in this, but they seized Jamaica. A war with Spain was begun, and England entered upon a close alliance with France.

A war costs money, and to get the requisite money Cromwell resolved once more to summon a Parliament. But he wanted to have a Parliament which would support him, and not one which would thwart him. With this end in view he drew up a list of ninety-three of the members, and refused to allow any of them to sit in the House. Those who were left were ready to support Cromwell.

The new Parliament had not sat long before news arrived of a great naval victory. A Spanish fleet laden with silver had been taken in Cadiz Bay by Captain Stayner; and not long afterwards a still richer Spanish fleet had been taken by Blake at Teneriffe. But even such victories as these would not induce the Parliament to support Cromwell in everything. The Parliament forced him to abandon the tax upon the Royalists, and to deprive the new major-generals of their powers. But it had no wish to be deprived of his services. The discovery of a plot to assassinate him made the members anxious, and before long an address was drawn up, usually known as the Petition and Advice, in which the Protector was asked to consent to the alteration of the Instrument of Government in certain points. He was asked to take the title of king, and to nominate a number of persons to form an upper house, like the old House of Lords. He was also to promise never again to exclude any properly elected members from the House of Commons. Cromwell after some hesitation refused to

take the royal title, but in all other points he accepted the Petition and Advice.

If Cromwell was not to be king in name, he was king in fact. On June 26, 1657, he was solemnly installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Abbey. Parliament had granted him the supplies which he needed, and he was full of hope that an army which he had sent to join the French in Flanders would meet with success. But he had fresh troubles in store. When Parliament met again in January 1658, it was composed of two Houses. The two Houses at once began to quarrel, and Cromwell, seeing that the quarrel was likely to be endless, dissolved Parliament almost in despair. 'The Lord,' he said, 'judge between me and you.'

Victory came as he expected. Dunkirk, then a Spanish town, was taken by the combined forces, and, according to agreement, was handed over to England. Cromwell had but a few months to live. He tried to govern as well as he could, to tolerate all religious opinions, except those which, as he believed, were dangerous to the State. But he had large classes of men against him. The members of the old Church of England hankered after the restoration of the monarchy. The Republicans hankered after a government without a Lord Protector. Thousands who cared for neither monarchy nor republic wished to have some certainty that peace and order would not come to an end by the death of a single man. Thousands, too, were eager to see an end of Puritan strictness, and to enter unchecked upon a career of mirth, and jollity, and vice.

During the summer of 1658 Cromwell's health was failing. His favourite daughter died, and her death saddened his heart. In the end of August he was seriously ill, and on September 3, the anniversary of Worcester and Dunbar, he died.

Cromwell's last prayer from his sick-bed is touching in its simplicity. 'Lord,' he said, as he tossed on his bed, 'though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace, and I may, I will, come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument, to do them some good and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value on me, though others wish and would be glad of my death. But, Lord, however Thou dost dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them and with the work of reformation, and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much upon Thine instruments to depend more upon Thyself; pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too; and pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ's sake—and give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure.'

Cromwell's death left England without a guide. After a year and a half of confusion, it drifted back into the old system, and accepted Charles II. as its king. Cromwell's life stands out as a warning that force is incapable of guiding a nation, even when it is in the hands of a man animated by the best intentions. England was resolved to take its own

course for good and for evil, and that course was in the end a better one than even Oliver Cromwell would have chosen for his beloved country. Large-minded and tolerant as he was, he was not large-minded or tolerant enough. His religious system was but the religious system of a minority. He feared lest, if the majority had its way, it would trample down all that he held to be sacred. He dared not give liberty to the English Church, and still less did he dare to give liberty to the English and Irish Catholics. During his lifetime he could maintain the supremacy of Puritanism. When he died it crumbled away.



CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.



WILLIAM III.

IN 1641, not long before the outbreak of the English Civil War, Charles I. gave his eldest daughter, Mary, in marriage to William, the son and heir of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, the Stadtholder, or chief magistrate, as well as commander-in-chief of the armies of the Dutch Republic. The marriage of the young princess did not lead to a life of happiness. Her husband succeeded to his father's office, and died young in 1650, little more than a year after her own father's execution. A few days after she became a widow Mary gave birth to her only child, who was named William in memory of his father. For years

she devoted herself to her boy's training. What would be his lot in life she could not tell, for the Dutch, imagining that, as they had recently made peace with Spain, they would no longer need a commander-in-chief, had abolished the office which his ancestors had held, and it seemed as if he would grow up to be no more than a private citizen.

Whilst William of Orange was still a lad, however, a fresh danger sprang up from a new quarter. Louis XIV., King of France, was now the most powerful monarch in Europe. His wealth was greater and his army finer than that of any other sovereign. At home he was implicitly obeyed by all classes of his subjects; citizens and peasants paid taxes at his pleasure, and, unlike their English contemporaries, they had no Parliament in which their representatives could call attention to their wants and grievances. The nobles, whose fathers had often in earlier reigns taken arms against their sovereign, now flocked round Louis, and were only too happy if they could obtain the favour of his smile or the honour of exposing their lives in his service against his enemies.

Louis might have found occupation enough in the course of his long life in ameliorating the condition of his subjects. There was much poverty amongst them, and much injustice was done to the poor by harsh and unfair laws. He preferred to attract the eyes of men to himself by the magnificence of his Court, and by vanquishing his enemies in war. He took for his emblem the sun, and he liked it to be thought that he outshone all other

kings and states as the sun outshines the stars. It was not that he was himself a great general, as Napoleon afterwards was, but he had great generals in his service, and they were always ready to give him the credit of their successes. He did not like to be present at a battle because he might possibly



LOUIS XIV.

be defeated. Sieges were the form of warfare in which he most delighted. They took a long time to bring to an end, so that he could remain at home in his gorgeous palace at Versailles whilst one of his generals was attacking a town. If the siege was likely to fail he could leave the general to bear the blame. As soon as it was certain to succeed

he could set out from Versailles to receive the surrender of the town. All France would then applaud him as an invincible conqueror; poets would sing his praises, painters and sculptors would represent his features to an admiring world, and architects would erect triumphal arches in his honour.

Such a system of triumphant wickedness was sure in the end to rouse up antagonism on all sides. The king who, for the sake of what he called glory, spread death and misery around him would sooner or later find all Europe banded against him to put down the selfish disturber of its peace. To place himself at the head of the resisting nations, to bind them together in united action, to watch through many years of adversity for the final triumph of the righteous cause: this was the life-work of William of Orange.

Of all the peoples in Europe Louis most bitterly hated and despised the Dutch. Plain traders and farmers as they were, they had no admiration for the splendours of Versailles, and, living as they did in a republic, they did not consider it to be their duty to sacrifice themselves to the glory of the great monarch. They were Protestants, too, whilst he was proud of being the protector of the Roman Catholic Church, though he did not always submit to the Pope when his own interests stood in the way. What was worse still in his eyes was that the Dutch had stood in his way when he attempted to conquer the Spanish, and the Netherlands allowed books to be printed which did not treat the King of France with the respect he believed to be due to him. Former kings of France had done

much to support the Dutch in their long struggle with Spain, and Louis fancied that he could easily destroy the state which had been laboriously accomplished with the help of his predecessors. 'My fathers,' he said, 'built them up, but I will tear them down.'

Louis had no doubt of his ability to accomplish the task which he had set before himself. He first procured the friendship of England by negotiating with the selfish Charles II. the Treaty of Dover, and in 1672 Charles was ready to attack the Dutch by sea, whilst Louis attacked them on land. It seemed as if everything was prepared to give him an easy victory. The traders who managed the affairs of the Dutch Republic, at whose head was the able and honourable statesman John de Witt, had, till lately, no expectation of an attack. Spain, which still ruled over the Belgian provinces, was too weak now to make war upon the Dutch, and France had always been friendly. Although therefore they kept up a magnificent navy to protect themselves against the fleets of England, they had allowed their army to fall into disorder. They had but 25,000 undisciplined soldiers, and their fortifications were sadly in need of repair.

Suddenly Louis appeared amongst them with a mighty army. He crossed the Rhine, swept over the greater part of the Dutch Provinces, and reduced the inhabitants for a time to despair. De Witt opened negotiations, promising that a large extent of territory should be ceded to France. Louis was

not content with this, and asked for concessions which no people with any self-respect could grant. The Dutch, stricken as they were, defied the conqueror. They overthrew the existing Government, which they suspected to be weak and subservient, and forced De Witt and his comrades to consent to the re-establishment of the Stadtholderate, which had been declared to be abolished for ever. Shortly afterwards De Witt and his brother were attacked by a brutal mob at the Hague, and were murdered with the greatest atrocity.

If the Stadtholderate was to be renewed, there was but one possible Stadtholder. Young William of Orange, now twenty-two years of age, was appointed to the office in the hour of his country's danger. It gave him the command over all the armies and fleets of the Republic, and it gave him the first place as a magistrate in the State.

William was possessed of a soberness beyond his years. Like his great ancestor William the Silent, he was never much elated by success nor much depressed by evil fortune. He had no taste for brilliancy and display. He was unlike Louis in that his own interest and his own glory were the very last things of which he thought. He was ready to give his ease and his life for the sake of his country, as by-and-by he would devote himself for the sake of Europe as well. He soon breathed his own lofty determination into the hearts of his countrymen. If the land was lost, he told them, all was not lost. Wherever Dutchmen were free there was the Re-

public. If they could not repel the aggressor, let them embark on board the ships which crowded the port of Amsterdam, and sail away to the Eastern seas to find another home in Java.

Before it came to that, William would find a way to discover whether the French were really invincible. Before John de Witt was murdered, the dykes had been cut and the sluices opened; and the waters poured violently over the land which lies below the level of the sea. Amsterdam was soon unapproachable by a hostile army. Louis, seeing that he was not to have the easy triumph which he had expected, returned to Versailles, where he frittered away his time amidst the flatteries of courtiers and the smiles of ladies. All Paris was occupied in debating whether it was possible to discover a title magnificent enough for him after so glorious a campaign.

Whilst Louis was amusing himself, William was hard at work. The young Stadtholder was the most patient of men, and he was therefore especially fitted for the difficult task of gaining allies from amongst the other states of Europe. During the winter, he was hard at work persuading kings and rulers that it was for their interest not to abandon the Republic, as when that was suffered to be destroyed other potentates would next be attacked. The rapacity and faithlessness of Louis was so manifest that the chief sovereigns of Europe listened to William's arguments. Catholics and Protestants joined hands in resistance to Louis. The Emperor Leopold I., Frederick William the Elector of Brandenburg, who was the ancestor of the Kings of Prussia and of

the present German Emperor, as well as some of the smaller princes of Germany, and even the sluggish King of Spain himself, joined the league against France. Louis found that when he had expected to destroy an inoffensive neighbour he had provoked against himself a European coalition. Even Charles II. of England was compelled by his Parliament to withdraw from the shameful alliance which he had made with Louis, and at least to maintain neutrality.

The war lasted for some years. In spite of the superior forces brought against him Louis had the advantage of a central position and a united command. William was not a brilliant general. Many as were the battles which he fought, he only once gained a victory in the field. But his temper was indomitable, and no commander ever displayed greater skill in conducting a retreat. He never allowed the army which had defeated him to gain much advantage by its victory. It was sure to find William with his beaten troops posted a little in the rear of the position from which he had been driven, in some spot where the defences of nature and art made him entirely unassailable.

In 1677 whilst the war was still raging on the Continent, William visited England. When Charles II. made peace with the Dutch he had been driven to abandon his alliance with Louis much against his will. The English people, however, would take no denial. Charles and his Queen had no children who could succeed him on the throne, and his heir was his brother James, Duke of York.

James had become a Roman Catholic, and was consequently very unpopular in England, as men were afraid lest, if he became king, he would use his authority to injure and oppress the Protestants. He had two daughters, Mary and Anne, and as he had no sons, Mary, who was the elder of the two, would one day, if she survived her father and uncle, be Queen of England. She, as well as her sister, was a Protestant, and many people in England were anxious to see her married to a Protestant, and there was no Protestant living nobler or fitter than her cousin the Prince of Orange. Charles and James both consented to the arrangement. They thought it was better that William should look forward to his wife's succession in the order of nature, than that he should be tempted to intrigue with the many enemies of the Duke of York, and to seek to seat himself on the throne by thrusting his uncle off it. The Prince of Orange was glad to strengthen himself by so great an alliance, and hoped that England would yet be found on his side fighting against Louis for the liberty of Europe. The Prince was married during his stay in England. In choosing his wife he had, no doubt, been mainly influenced by political considerations; but he soon found how tender and loving she was, and before long he came to love her with all the strength of a singularly tenacious affection.

William did not see an English army fighting side by side with his own in the Netherlands, but the knowledge that such an army might take part in the war made Louis inclined to peace. In 1678

a treaty was signed at Nimeguen, by which, though Louis gained some territory, he did not acquire all that he had wished to annex.

For ten years, from 1678 to 1688, Europe was at peace, but it did not need the experienced eye of William to perceive that another war would break out before long. Louis used his strength to ill-treat his weaker neighbours. He erected Courts com-



PORTRAIT OF MARY.

posed of Frenchmen to give sentences in his favour against foreigners who owned land which he coveted. He annexed the lands which these courts adjudged to him, and threatened vengeance against such of the neighbouring states as refused to do his bidding. Only one choice was left to the nations of Europe.

They must be content to be the humble servants of the King of France, or they must resist by force. As might have been expected, William was of opinion that they should resist by force, but he patiently waited for the time when the other rulers should be ready to combine to throw off the yoke.

Above all, William fixed his eyes on England. So great were the resources, so admirably organised were the armies of the French king, that it was hardly likely that, if England remained neutral, all the rest of Europe would be able to hinder him from getting the upper hand. For some time there was every reason to believe that, when the time of the great struggle arrived, England would be neutral, if not absolutely friendly to Louis. Charles II. was dissipated and extravagant in his habits, and his Parliaments never gave him as large supplies as he wished to have. He was therefore glad to receive money from Louis, who considered that a few hundred thousand pounds would be well spent if he could secure the neutrality of England.

In 1685, Charles II. died, and was succeeded by his brother, James II. James was a Roman Catholic, and before he came to the throne the Whigs, who wished to weaken the Royal authority and advocated religious liberty for the Dissenters, and who had been powerful in the last three Parliaments of Charles's reign, had attempted to exclude him from the succession. The Tories, however, as those politicians were then called who wished to support the power of the King and to refuse religious liberty to the Dissenters, had rallied round him, and the

nation, which, though it would have preferred a Protestant king, was afraid lest a change of the succession might be followed by another civil war,



JAMES II.

took the side of the Tories. James, as soon as possible after his accession, summoned a Parliament, which was almost entirely composed of Tories.

Before this Parliament had been long in session, the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles, landed in Dorsetshire to claim the crown. He fancied that English Protestants would rise in a body to support him; but though he found a certain number of followers chiefly amongst the peasantry of the west, his force was too small and too undisciplined to resist the royal army. He was defeated

at Sedgmoor in Somersetshire, and was afterwards taken prisoner and executed.

Both the Parliament and the country were loyally disposed towards James. James had, however, in suppressing Monmouth's rebellion, taken a step which alarmed many Protestants. He had levied new troops, and over these he had appointed some Roman Catholics as officers. To do this was to break the



DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

law. The Test Act passed in 1673 had enacted that no one should hold any office under the Crown who would not show that he was not a Roman Catholic by receiving the sacrament in the Church of England and by declaring his disbelief in one of the principal doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. James's new officers had not taken this test, as it

was called, and could not therefore be legally appointed.

At present men of all religious creeds are equally eligible for service in the State or in the army and navy. The reason why this is allowed is that no harm is likely to come of it. There is a general conviction that religious persecution is a bad thing. It is certain that Protestant officers will not order the soldiers to persecute the Roman Catholics, and that Roman Catholic officers will not order the soldiers to persecute the Protestants. In the seventeenth century there was no such security. When James ascended the throne only twenty-five years had passed since a Puritan army had ruled England. It had given the possession of the churches to ministers who preached and prayed in the Puritan way, and had compelled thousands of Englishmen who preferred the Book of Common Prayer to content themselves with using it in secret in their own houses, and sometimes even attempted to prevent them from doing that. When, therefore, the Church of England regained its ascendancy at the Restoration its members continued to be afraid lest something of the same sort might happen again, and they were especially nervous lest James, with the support of a Roman Catholic army, should take their churches from them and give them to the Roman Catholics, as the Long Parliament and Cromwell had given their churches to the Puritans.

In one respect the danger was even greater than it had been. Cromwell's army had at least been entirely English, and was never likely to be helped

by any force from the Continent. If James could get together a Roman Catholic army, or even one or two Roman Catholic regiments, he might hold Portsmouth or some other fortified seaport till Louis' French troops could come to his assistance. The English Catholics, no doubt, were but a minority of the population, but if they were an armed minority with French troops at their backs they might be able to do as they pleased with their fellow subjects.

It is not at all likely that James had deliberately made up his mind to use his troops against the English Protestants, but his placing Roman Catholic officers over them was certain to awaken suspicion. Loyal as the House of Commons was, it gave expression to this suspicion. It professed its readiness to allow the officers already appointed to keep their places, but it asked the King to give assurance that the law should not be broken again. James was deeply offended, refused to give any such assurance, and prorogued the Parliament.

That which James now claimed was the power of dispensing with the penalties imposed by law upon certain actions. To do this was plainly to make the law of no avail. When Parliament enacted that any one should be punished who held office without taking the test prescribed in the Test Act of 1673, it intended to direct that no Roman Catholic should hold office. James thought that he could remit the penalties, and so enable a Roman Catholic to hold office in spite of the law, and that if the judges would

decide in his favour in this matter he would have the law on his side.

There is a story told of James I. to the effect that when he first arrived in England he asked whether he had the right of making the bishops and the judges, and that on receiving an affirmative answer he replied, 'Then I make what pleases me law and gospel.' Like many other stories which are to be found in written histories, this one is probably not true; but the thought which it ascribes to James I. was at the bottom of some of the actions of James II. He fancied that he could make what law he pleased by making such judges as he pleased. He called on the existing judges to tell him whether they were ready to support his claim to the dispensing power. He told one of them, Chief Justice Jones, who said that the law was not as his Majesty wished it to be, that he must give up either his opinion or his place. 'For my place,' replied Jones, 'I care little. I am old and worn out in the service of the Crown; but I am mortified to find that your Majesty thinks me capable of giving a judgment which none but an ignorant or a dishonest man could give.' 'I am determined,' answered James, 'to have twelve judges who will be all of one mind as to this matter.' 'Your Majesty,' said Jones, 'may find twelve judges of your mind, but hardly twelve lawyers.' In spite of this rebuff James persisted. He turned Jones and three other judges off the Bench and appointed in their places four new judges who would decide as he wished. He then gave an office to Sir Edward Hales, a Roman Catholic, dispensing in his case with the

test. The question whether Hales could, under such conditions, hold office was brought before the judges, and the judges decided as the King had hoped.

By what he had done James had not merely broken through a single law, but had set all law at defiance. If the King, whenever he wants to break a law, has only to get the approval of judges whom he has placed on the Bench because they are ready to pronounce that the law is on his side whether it is or not, he is really as absolute as if he were not restrained by law at all.

James continued to act as if he were above the law. He issued a declaration of indulgence authorising Roman Catholics and Dissenters to worship as they thought right without paying the penalties required by law. At the same time, he showed that he had no real understanding of religious liberty. He required his ministers to change their religion and become Roman Catholics, turning out of office even those who were most faithful to him if they refused to abandon their Protestant belief. He procured the appointment of two Roman Catholics as heads of Colleges at Oxford, and sent adrift in the world almost all the Fellows of Magdalen College, because they refused to elect a Roman Catholic president. He dissolved Parliament, and attempted to get together a new one which would pass a law granting toleration. No Parliament elected in the usual fashion was likely to do anything of the sort, at least as far as the Roman Catholics were concerned. Englishmen had long been convinced that they were dangerous, and late events had strengthened

that conviction. James therefore proceeded to do his best to alter the system of election. In many towns the Corporation—that is to say, the governing magistrates—had the right of electing members to Parliament. James employed his lawyers to find some legal flaw in the charters which gave to these Corporations their rights, and either declared them forfeited to the Crown or persuaded the members of the Corporations to abandon them. All those magistrates were then ejected who were not to his mind, and new ones were appointed whom he expected to send such members to Parliament as would vote on his side.

Such was the position of affairs in England in the spring of 1688, when James had been rather more than three years upon the throne. Every one except the few who shared James's views looked on his government with suspicion, because no one knew what he might do next, what law he might break, or what cherished institution he might seek to overthrow. On April 27 he republished his Declaration of Indulgence together with an announcement that he intended to persist in the course which he had taken, and on May 4 he gave orders that the Declaration should be read in all churches and chapels by the officiating minister. The clergy were thus required not merely to submit, as most of them thought they ought to do, to the King's commands, but themselves to publish to the people commands which they believed to be not merely illegal, but destructive to the Church of which they were the loyal ministers. Whether they were in

the right or in the wrong in so thinking, they would undoubtedly have the sympathy of every conscientious person if they refused to take part in commending that which they believed to be wrong to the favourable notice of their congregations.

The day appointed for reading the Declaration was Sunday, May 20. On the 18th a meeting of the principal clergy and their most prominent lay supporters was held at the house of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, to consider what should be done. As a result of their deliberations a petition to the King was signed by Archbishop Sancroft and six other bishops to beg James to excuse the clergy from obedience to his last order. Nothing could be more humble than the language in which this petition was couched. Yet when it was carried to James at Whitehall, he spoke angrily to the bishops who presented it, and told them that they were raising a standard of rebellion.

When the Sunday arrived, scarcely a clergyman in England obeyed the royal order. In the rare instances in which the Declaration was read, the congregations rose from their places and trooped out of the churches. When this was made known to James, he angrily sent to the Tower the seven bishops who had signed the petition, and announced that they would be put upon their trial as the authors of a seditious libel—that is to say, of a writing which by its false statements is likely to stir up violent resistance to the Government.

On June 29 the trial took place in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster. With some difficulty

the counsel for the Crown succeeded in proving that the signatures to the petition were in the handwriting of the seven bishops, and that it had been delivered by them to the King at Whitehall. The question whether such a petition were illegal or not remained to be argued. One of the lawyers who had been retained to plead for the bishops, Somers, who afterwards rose to the highest place in his profession, put the whole case in a nutshell. His clients, he said, were accused of publishing a false, malicious, and seditious libel. False, however, it was not, for every word of it was true. Malicious it was not, for those who wrote it had not gone out of their way to attack the Government. Seditious it was not, because it had been taken to the King, and had not been scattered in the streets. Neither was it a libel, as all laws agreed that a subject had the right of calling the attention of his sovereign to the wrongs under which he suffered.

The jury retired to consider their verdict. As it was late in the evening, and they were not likely to be in a hurry, they were locked up for the night. After a little discussion, it appeared that eleven of the twelve were ready to give a verdict for the bishops, and that one alone stood out. The law of England requires unanimity in a jury, and at that time a jury was kept under lock and key without food till starvation produced an appearance of unanimity. On this occasion the one juryman who stood out was Michael Arnold, the King's brewer. It is said that when he was summoned to sit upon the jury he expressed his fear of the result to his own

pocket. 'Whatever I do,' he said, 'I am sure to be half ruined. If I say Not Guilty I shall brew no more for the King, and if I say Guilty I shall brew no more for anybody else.' It seems that he at last came to the conclusion that the King's custom was more valuable than that of the public. He now declared his resolution to find the defendants guilty. One



JURYMEN.

of the jurymen, Thomas Austin, came and offered to argue the case with him. He told them that he did not want to reason. Upon this Austin descended to an argument which was the only one likely to take effect on such a man. 'Look at me,' he said; 'I am the largest and stoutest of the twelve, and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe.' Arnold

looked at the size of Austin's waist and was convinced. Thinking that it was not worth while to die of starvation even to keep the King's custom, he sullenly gave way. The jury was unanimous, or seemed to be so, and when morning came a verdict of Not Guilty was delivered. The bishops were free, and the shouts of joy which went up all over London testified to their popularity. Even the very soldiers who had been gathered together by James in a camp at Hounslow showed by their cries of delight, uttered in the very presence of the King, that their hearts were with their countrymen and not with him.

Less than three weeks before the day on which the bishops were acquitted, an event occurred which at the time filled James with joy and confidence, but which contributed more to his ruin than any of his ill-advised attacks upon the law of England and the feelings of his subjects. On June 10 a son was born to him, destined, as he fondly believed, to inherit his throne and to carry out the system which he had striven to establish. The very fact that James entertained such hopes furnished the best of reasons why all who were alarmed at his proceedings should now reconsider their position. Up to that time men knew that even if their worst alarms were justified they would not have to endure the evil long. The King was now past middle life, and he could not live many years longer. When he died, his authority would pass to his daughter Mary, and she was known to be a Protestant by conviction. It was not worth while, for the sake of anticipating by a few years the quiet which was soon to come, to undergo

the certain evils of resistance to existing authority. All these considerations were now no longer in place. The child would undoubtedly not only be brought up in the religion of his father and mother, but he would be taught to distrust the majority of his fellow-countrymen, to appoint to office persons distasteful to them, and to do everything in his power to depress their Church and exalt his own. Possibly, too, he might attempt to accomplish his objects by force, and might introduce foreign soldiers into England to overpower his own subjects.

The first result of the birth of the infant Prince was the almost universal acceptance of the truth of a rumour that the child was not really the son of his parents after all. It was so convenient to James to have a son, and to be able to disinherit his daughter, that thousands of people believed that he had caused the child of some poor family to be fetched into the palace and had falsely announced him to be the son of himself and of the Queen. The second result was, that on the very day of the acquittal of the bishops seven of the leaders of the two great parties into which English politicians were divided combined in signing an invitation to William to come over at the head of a body of troops to preserve the liberties of England. William at once accepted the invitation.

It was not merely in order to preserve the liberties of England that William prepared to undertake a hazardous enterprise. His whole soul was in the struggle against Louis, and in 1688 the war which had been interrupted ten years before by the Treaty of Nimeguen was about to break out afresh. The

contemptuous disregard shown by the French King for all rights except his own had armed against him the public opinion of Europe. Holland and Spain, Austria and the majority of the German states, Catholic and Protestant alike, were leagued together to check his ambition. So insolent had he been that even the Pope, the head of that Church in the name of which Louis had recently been persecuting his own Protestant subjects with brutal violence, looked with sympathy on the efforts which were being made to restrain his power. Yet strong as the alliance was, William doubted whether it was strong enough. As great a league had striven against Louis before and had failed to secure success. With England on his side, William might have hopes of the result of the conflict; with England hostile or even neutral, his prospect was at most a doubtful one.

The same reason which made the Prince of Orange eager to weaken James made Louis eager to protect him from interference. The means were entirely in his hands. He had an army in the north of France close upon the borders of that part of the Netherlands which now forms the independent kingdom of Belgium, but which was at that time subject to Spain. So weak was the military power of Spain, that if Louis had invaded the Spanish Netherlands William must have hurried to its defence, to prevent the French from marching across that territory to the attack of the Dutch Republic itself, and could never have ventured to cross the sea.

All this was known to Louis, and he therefore

sent a message to James telling him of the position of his troops, and offering to despatch a French fleet to aid in holding the sea against the Prince of Orange. James was foolish enough to take umbrage at this offer of protection, and assured Louis that he was quite able to take care of himself. Louis in turn lost his temper, and was too angry at James's refusal to accept his help to think of prudence. He ordered his ships to remain in port and his armies to march away to invade Germany instead of attacking the Netherlands.

William's course was thus left free. As so often has happened in history, the possession of seemingly absolute power ruined him who fancied that he could do anything. Louis could rule a kingdom, but he could not rule his own spirit, and the uncontrolled temper which prompted him to refuse to save James in spite of himself would surely lead him to disaster. William, on the other hand, brought up to govern by persuading men, many of whom were opposed to his plans and jealous of his person, had learned the supreme virtues of patience and self-control, never threw a chance away, and, above all, never lost his temper.

On October 19 William put to sea. He was driven back by a storm, and on November 1 he set sail again. On November 5, the anniversary of the day of the gunpowder plot, he anchored in Tor Bay. On the 6th he was on the march for Exeter. The army which he brought with him was large enough to guard him against a sudden attack, but it was not large enough even to attempt to conquer

England. He had come to help Englishmen to liberate themselves, and he was wise enough to know that if he appeared to threaten them they would be less likely to rise in his favour.

For some days, though the common people received William enthusiastically, not a nobleman or gentleman stepped forward to support him. He had not, however, to wait long. The chief land-owners of the western counties soon flocked in to his camp. James found that it was high time to march against him, and set out with his regiments for Salisbury.

Scarcely had James arrived at Salisbury when his power was shattered in an instant. The northern and midland counties—Cheshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire—rose against him. His troops were defeated in a skirmish at Wincanton. Worse than all, the officers whom he had trusted most, with Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, at their head, deserted in troops. James was left with soldiers indeed, but with soldiers who had but little heart to fight in his cause, and who had but few officers left to command them. There was nothing to be done but to retire to London. When he arrived there he learned that his own daughter, the Princess Anne, had fled to take refuge with the insurgents in the north. James, who had so long disregarded the ideas and wishes of his subjects, and had thought that an obstinate reliance on his own judgment would bring him safely through all his difficulties, was now treacherously deserted by those whose opinion he had disregarded.

For some time there seemed a prospect that James would consent to abandon his unpopular mode of government. He talked of summoning a Parliament, and he entered into negotiations with William. He had, however, no real intention of ruling otherwise than as he had ruled before. He was only waiting to fly from the country till the Queen, carrying with her the infant Prince, succeeded in escaping to France. As soon as he heard that his wife was in safety, he left the palace at Whitehall, crossed the Thames and made his way eastward. At Sheerness he was captured and brought back. William, however, had no wish to have such a prisoner in his hands, and judiciously left the way open for a second flight. James was well pleased to take advantage of the opportunity, and on December 18 he left Whitehall, never to return.

On the same day William entered London. He was received with enthusiastic applause. He took up his quarters at St. James's, where he received the congratulations of all who chose to come. Amongst those who waited on him was Serjeant Maynard, who had been a member of the Long Parliament and was now ninety years of age. 'Mr. Serjeant,' said William, 'you must have survived all the lawyers of your standing.' 'Yes, sire,' replied Maynard, 'and but for your Highness I should have survived the laws too.'

Maynard's words expressed that which was in the hearts of his countrymen. They wanted to be ruled in accordance with the law and not in accord-

ance with the will of the King. To settle what the law should be, a Parliament was called. It met on January 22, 1689. The Parliament drew up a Declaration of Rights, declaring many actions to be illegal which James had practised as legal, and it offered the crown to William and his wife Mary. On February 13 the new sovereigns accepted the offer of the Houses.

The change which was thus effected was a much greater one than is to be accounted for by the mere substitution of a prudent and far-seeing ruler for one who was unwise and short-sighted. Ever since the Reformation there had grown up amongst Englishmen the belief that their kings and queens governed by Divine right, and that it was impious as well as unpatriotic to disobey them. The events of the reign of Charles I. and of the Commonwealth and Protectorate had led the great mass of the people of the country to cling to this belief far more fervently than they had done before. They had seen their fields ravaged by hostile armies, the peaceful homes of England desolated by mutual slaughter, and finally the destinies of the nation handed over to a military despotism animated by strongly-felt but unpopular religious opinions. To the bulk of the population, therefore, the return even of a king who was so morally contemptible as was Charles II. meant the restoration of peace and of freedom from the interference of soldiers and preachers. It was natural that a change which was felt to be good should be hailed as a heaven-sent mercy, and hence arose that assurance that a ruler the least divine in

his character of all our kings was firmly believed to be placed on the throne by Divine intervention. Nor was this all. The English people, after its sad experience of the past, was so solicitous for the stability of order as to welcome the figment of a Divine hereditary and indefeasible right to govern in the person who happened to be the successor to the throne according to the rules which had been accepted in the middle ages as regulating the descent of landed property.

Such is the explanation of the growth of that which seems to us at present to have been the most foolish of all foolish opinions. It was difficult for it to survive the experience which the nation had had of the mode in which James II. had governed. By setting himself to do that which the mass of Englishmen wished to leave undone, and to leave undone that which they wished to be done, he had made them feel as insecure as their fathers had felt in the days of the Long Parliament and of military rule. Nobody could tell one day what James might do the next. All that they knew was that his will was law, and that he was filling offices in the State and in the army with men who would help him to carry out his will. It is not strange that many who had hitherto believed that James ruled by a Divine right, became somewhat doubtful of the truth of that belief.

At all events when William and Mary were once on the throne, nobody fancied that they were there by the sort of Divine right which had been appealed to in support of James. They were there

because James's subjects had deserted him, or because he had deserted his subjects, not because they had any hereditary claim to succeed. They were there, too, because Parliament had decided that through James's conduct the throne was vacant, and had given them the crown by its vote. If, therefore, Parliament had placed them where they were, Parliament might displace them; and they were therefore obliged to conform their actions to the wishes of Parliament far more than James had done. Parliament, in fact, became supreme in England in the place of the King. It left to the King the work of governing, of choosing ministers, and of deciding upon the steps to be taken in the name of the country from day to day, but it reserved for itself the right of compelling the King to act according to its wishes whenever it thought that he was acting contrary to them. At the beginning of the long conflict between the Stuart kings and their Parliament, Charles I. had told the House of Commons that he would allow it liberty of counsel but not of control. In 1689 that House acquired control over the actions of the Government.

The question of the time was whether Parliament would be able to keep the power which it had gained. Recent examples had shown that power cannot be maintained merely by giving orders with decision and sending men to prison if they disobey. If that had been the case, Charles I. and Laud would have established their authority beyond dispute. Other examples had shown that it is not enough for a Government to win battles and to have a vic-

torious and well-disciplined soldiery at its devotion. If it had been so Cromwell would have perpetuated his system. In the long run, authority will remain in the hands of those who know how best to minister to the wants of their fellow-countrymen, to reconcile hostilities, and to give peace where the sword had ruled before. The Stuarts had tried to give peace in their own way. James I. and Charles I. had attempted to make all men members of the Church of England, so that when they all offered the same prayers to God and believed the same doctrines they might live in harmony with one another. There had come the time when the Long Parliament and Cromwell tried to make all men Puritans that they might in this way live together as brethren. In the reign of Charles II. a fresh attempt was made to bring all men to the Church of England. In every case the policy had failed. Conscientious men on the one hand declared themselves to be Roman Catholics ; conscientious men on the other hand declared themselves to be Protestant Dissenters. Both classes refused to appear to worship in a way which they conscientiously believed to be displeasing to God. That policy which was intended to reconcile had only ended in dividing, and the division had weakened the nation.

Gradually there had sprung up amongst thinking men a conviction that the nation was on a wrong track, and was more likely to be strengthened by allowing each religious body to conduct its worship as it thought best than by a vain attempt to enforce uniformity. This idea had been seized by

James II., and he had attempted to carry it out completely by allowing English Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and Dissenters all to worship in their own way. Unhappily, he had attempted at the same time to give power to the Roman Catholics, and, rightly or wrongly, he had created a belief in the insincerity of his promises. It was not therefore likely that after the Revolution the Roman Catholics would be allowed to benefit by the change. It was otherwise with the Dissenters. They had been equally alarmed with the members of the Church of England at the dangers which they feared from James, and the two bodies had made common cause in resisting his proceedings. Gratitude therefore combined with policy in urging the men of the Church of England who had the mastery in Parliament to offer to the Dissenters the religious liberty which they claimed. Before the end of 1689 the Toleration Act was passed, which gave to them what they wanted. From that time Dissenters were permitted, if they conformed to certain requirements, which at that time they did not feel to be irksome, to worship freely in their own chapels. From that time England ceased to be distracted by religious quarrels. The great bulk of its inhabitants were Protestants, and Protestants would now be able to combine the better for political objects. When once experience had shown that the country was the better for the Toleration Act, the principle on which it was founded would receive new applications, and religious liberty would be accorded to the Roman Catholics as well as to the Dissenters.

England had need of the united support of all her sons. Louis knew that if William ruled there it would not be long before English troops would be found fighting against him on the Continent. He had therefore taken up the cause of James, and was ready to do everything in his power to restore the deposed monarch to the throne.

In England itself James's partisans were not numerous enough to stir. In Scotland, as far as the Lowlands were concerned, his cause appeared to be hopeless. The Scottish Parliament had voted that he had forfeited the crown, and had offered it to William and Mary. The Episcopalian clergy had been dismissed or driven from their parishes, and Presbyterianism had been declared to be the religion of the country. There was, however, one part of Scotland which had little sympathy with these proceedings. The Highlands, which now attract an increasing stream of tourists, who come from the plains of the south to admire the beauties of the heather-clad mountains and the lakes which reflect them at their feet, were then inhabited by Celtic clans, each independent of the other, and owing obedience only to its own chief. These clans were in a constant state of hostility with one another, and eked out the subsistence which they gained in their own poor soil by driving off cattle from the Lowlands.

Amongst these clans appeared, not long after James's flight, Viscount Dundee, a brave officer of James's army, who remained constant to his master's cause. No Highland chief would submit for an

instant to obey the orders of another, but none of them had any objection to place himself in subordination to one who came from another sphere of life than his own. It was thus that in the time of Charles I. the Highland clans had combined to follow Montrose, and it was thus that they now combined to follow Dundee.

The place where the Highland forces gathered was Blair Athol, where the stream of the Garry flows quietly through a wide valley amongst the mountains. Below lies the pass of Killikrankie, a steep descent down which the waters boil and tumble till they reach the lower level. Up by the side of the headlong stream, where now road and railway have penetrated, a force of disciplined Lowland troops, under General Mackay, were clambering up the rocks on July 27, 1689. When they reached the top on that hot summer's day they were exhausted with toil; and finding that a rising ground opposite was covered by the Highlanders they did not venture to make an attack. During the afternoon there was some firing, but it was not till the evening sun was low that Dundee gave the signal to charge. The Highlanders threw down their guns, drew their broadswords, and rushed like wolves on their prey.

Nowadays a disciplined regiment would make short work of thousands of such assailants. The musketry fire would slaughter them as they sped onwards, and if any reached the enemy alive they would dash themselves in vain on the points of his bayonets. Just at this time the art of military

defence was undergoing a revolution. In the battles of the Civil War an infantry regiment had been composed partly of men with pikes and partly of men with heavy muskets. It had occurred to a Frenchman of Bayonne that men would be economised by uniting the two. The bayonet, as the new weapon was called, from the town in which it was invented, was simply the end of a pike attached to the musket; but the only way of attaching it which occurred to the inventor was to stick it into the muzzle of the gun. Such a weapon could only be placed in its position when the gun was not being fired. When, therefore, Mackay's men saw the Highlanders rushing down the slope they stopped firing, and attempted to draw their bayonets from their sheaths. Before they could do it, the enemy was upon them. Temporarily unarmed as they were, they broke and fled down the pass, with the Highlanders after them. The Highlanders were at home on the rocks, and hundreds of the flying strangers were slaughtered in the flight. One spot still bears the name of the 'Soldier's Leap,' because, as tradition relates, one of the fugitives, spurred on by terror, saved his life by springing over a yawning chasm which in cold blood he would never have attempted to cross.

In the hour of victory Dundee fell, struck down by a shot. Even if he had lived, the success would probably have been fruitless. A Highland army was never so weak as on the day after a victory. Each clan gathered what plunder it could, and went off to its own glen to deposit its booty in a place of

safety. When the clans were scattered the Government at Edinburgh took the opportunity of bribing the most influential chiefs, and of building forts which would make it difficult for them to leave their homes unguarded. The Highlanders gave no more trouble for some time to come.

In Ireland as well as in Scotland there was a Celtic population, as well as one of English origin; but the Celts were far more numerous than they were in Scotland. They had been conquered again and again, had been to a great extent deprived of their lands, and when James came to the throne, had been thrust out of all participation in the government of the country. The English minority, on the other hand, were vigorous and energetic, had the greatest part of the estates in the country in their hands, and were employed in all places of authority. When James was ruling in England, he set himself to reverse these conditions. As the Celtic population was Roman Catholic almost to a man, and as the English population was Protestant almost to a man, he hoped to find in Ireland the support for his schemes which he failed to meet with in England. He filled the offices with Irish Roman Catholics, and he had a Roman Catholic army entirely at his devotion. When, therefore, the Revolution was effected in England and Scotland, Ireland refused to follow the course taken in the two sister-kingdoms, and declared in favour of James. In his name the original natives of Ireland hoped to regain their lands, and to wreak their vengeance on the English intruders. The English, standing at bay, gathered

here and there in knots to defend themselves, in such towns as they had at their disposal.

The English race was established more firmly and in greater numbers in Ulster than in any other part of Ireland. When it was first known that William was advancing through the south of England, the apprentices of Londonderry closed their gates in the face of James's officers and soldiers. The whole town resolved to stand on its defence. It was well for its inhabitants that it did so. In every part of Ireland Irishmen rose in arms, plundering and ravaging as they went. Before long Londonderry and Enniskillen were the only points at which resistance was offered.

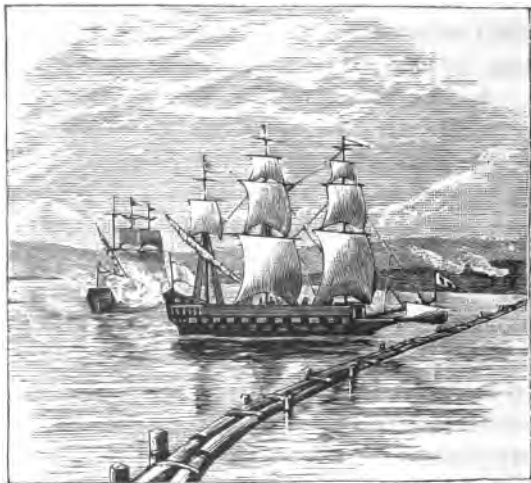
In the meanwhile, the Irish had sent a deputation to France to invite James to place himself at their head. James at once expressed his readiness to come, and asked Louis to give him a French army to support him in his undertaking. Nothing would have suited Louis better than to have seen James powerful enough in Ireland to threaten William's position in England; but he had so many enemies on the Continent that he could not easily spare his regiments, and he knew enough of James's incapacity to think of entrusting him with a body of French soldiers. He therefore contented himself with offering to James a considerable number of officers to drill the Irish levies, and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. When James, having accepted this offer, was about to set out, Louis assured him that the best wish he could form for him was never to see him again.

Louis could hardly have expected that this wish would be realised. James was one of those men who fail in everything that they undertake, because they do not give themselves the trouble to understand the conditions in the midst of which they will have to act. He landed in Ireland and proceeded to Dublin. Then, after a pause, he marched northwards amidst a desolated country and arrived outside the walls of Londonderry. Lundy, the commander of the garrison, had offered to give it up to him on his arrival. Londonderry, however, was no longer at the disposal of Lundy. Thousands of Protestants, driven from their homes, had flocked for refuge to its walls, and they were by no means disposed to give up all chance of seeing their homes again. 'Understand this, said one of the soldiers: 'to give up Londonderry is to give up Ireland.' When James appeared on the next day before the walls, soldiers and people alike, moved by a common impulse, rushed to defend their walls, and shouting 'No surrender,' fired into the midst of the party, of which the King was one. Lundy prudently made his escape, but his name has ever since been held in abhorrence in Londonderry, and his effigy is year by year burnt, as that of Guy Fawkes is burnt in England.

Londonderry was at once besieged, but James did not remain at the post of honour to encourage his followers and to partake in their toils. He returned to Dublin to preside over a Parliament to which men of Irish race were almost exclusively admitted, and which busied itself in reversing all the confiscations of the century, and in restoring the

soil of Ireland to the descendants of the men who had originally possessed it.

By this time it had been found impossible to take Londonderry by force, and the siege had been turned into a blockade. Week after week passed, and the inhabitants were starving. From the church tower hungry men could see, far off, at the entrance



THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

to the river Foyle, on which the city was built, the English ships which were charged with provisions for the beleaguered citizens. The ships did not stir, and the citizens were dying fast. Those who kept themselves alive were nourished on by gnawing hides, and by devouring the flesh of dogs and horses, as long as dogs and horses were to be had. At last, when even this resource was at an end, two ships

were descried making their way up the stream. They dashed at the boom which the besiegers had laid across the river, and one of them brought the food with which it was stored safely to the quay. After a siege of 105 days, the besiegers gave up their attempt in despair, and Londonderry was saved. Three days later a force from Enniskillen defeated the Irish at Newton Butler.

Later in the year, an English army was sent to Ireland, but the weather was bad, and it had been supplied with provisions which were unfit for food. During the winter it wasted away, and it soon became evident that if anything serious was to be done to expel James, William must go to Ireland in person.

William had much to do in England before he was able to cross the sea. He had especially to make sure that Englishmen would live peaceably with one another in his absence. It might seem as if there would be no difficulty in securing this desirable object. Whigs and Tories had united in bringing about the Revolution, and after that had been effected they had again united in passing the Toleration Act. After that, however, their old mutual animosity had burst out into a flame. An Indemnity Bill was brought into the House of Commons, with the object of securing those who had in any way taken part in such of the proceedings of the two last reigns as had been either illegal or had been supposed to have been illegal, against the penalties of the law. Nothing could be wiser than to allow bygones to be bygones, and to give every politician a fresh start under the

new system. The Whigs, however, who were in the majority in the House of Commons, thought otherwise. They introduced into the bill so many exceptions, that there was scarcely a Tory of note who would not find himself exposed to be put to death or to be imprisoned for something that he had done, perhaps with the clear conviction that he was acting rightly, in the days of Charles and James.

To William this violence of the House of Commons was most distasteful. He knew that if Englishmen quarrelled at home they would not be able to combine against Louis on the Continent, and to him it was of supreme importance that England should take part in the Continental war. The Commons, however, imagined that he was entirely in their hands. As a foreigner he found little sympathy even amongst the Englishmen who found it convenient to support him, and it seemed hardly possible that a Dutchman should rally the nation round him as Charles II. had done, and as James II. at the beginning of his reign appeared likely to succeed in doing. Besides the disadvantage of being a foreigner, William had the disadvantage of being silent and reserved, a most unlikely man to excite enthusiasm amongst a people of whose ways and thoughts he had little knowledge. So hard was it for him to make friends in England, that he himself was at first convinced that the task was a hopeless one, and proposed to abdicate the throne and to return to Holland, leaving to his wife the task of governing the people amongst which she had been born and educated.

In a little while, however, William repented of his

resolution to retire from the scene of his duties. The very fact that he was a foreigner was in one important respect more of an advantage than a disadvantage. He had no personal interest in seeing the Whigs persecute the Tories, or the Tories persecute the Whigs. What was more important, the nation at large thought in this matter as he did. What it wanted was to be at peace at home. William had wisdom enough to see that, and dissolved Parliament. A new Parliament was returned in the beginning of 1690, which responded to his wishes in placing every man, with a few exceptions in the cases of the worst offenders, in security from punishment for political offences committed before the Revolution.

The dissolution of 1690 was an important constitutional landmark. For nearly a century there had been a struggle over the question whether the House of Commons or the King was to be supreme. In 1689 the question seemed to be finally decided in favour of the House of Commons. William did not attempt to oppose that House, as a Stuart king would have done, by attempting to rule without it, or in defiance of it; he appealed to the nation, and the nation gave him its support. From henceforth it began to be understood that whilst a House of Commons with the nation at its back might do almost anything it wished, a House of Commons without the nation at its back had but little power.

Once more William had appeared as the reconciler of adverse parties. He was now able to go to Ireland. In that unhappy country there was as yet no room for reconciliation. The only question

was whether the Roman Catholic Celts or the Protestant English were to be the masters. It was certain that whichever race gained the victory would be cruel and intolerant to the other. Nor was the question which race should be supreme in Ireland one which concerned Irishmen alone. If James at the head of the Celtic population made Ireland independent of England, he could only do so with the support of the King of France. Louis would be strengthened by the result; and if Louis were strengthened, all that was best and noblest in Europe would suffer. Of all men then living, William was the least likely to overlook this view of the question. In 1690 he defeated James at the Battle of the Boyne. James after his defeat fled to France and took refuge once more with his great protector. In 1691, William's lieutenants completed the task which he had commenced in person, and brought Ireland to complete subjection.

The fate of the conquered was a terrible one. They were given up to the cruel and unjust laws which it pleased a Parliament sitting at Dublin, and composed entirely of Protestants, to impose upon them. William did not interfere, and perhaps he could not have interfered with any good result even if he had wished to do so. No man is all-wise any more than he is all-powerful, and William's heart was in the struggle which was being carried on upon the Continent more than it was in England, and far more than it was in Ireland. Long after William was dead, the day would come when, after Louis' power had been shattered, Englishmen would slowly

and gradually awake to the consciousness that they had supported in Ireland a tyrannical faction, and would awake more slowly and gradually still to their duty, not merely to remove the evil consequences of the acts of their fathers, but also to sympathise with the Irish people in its efforts to develop, sometimes in irregular and reprehensible ways, that spirit of self-reliance which has been the root out of which England's own prosperity has sprung.

In 1690, during William's absence in Ireland, a calamity had occurred for which the whole history of England affords no parallel. A combined fleet of Dutch and English vessels guarded the Channel. Its commander was Lord Torrington, who, when he was plain Admiral Herbert, had, in the disguise of a common sailor, carried over to Holland the invitation to the Prince of Orange to come to England. In the ordinary courage which prompts men to run personal risks he was not deficient; but he was selfish and unprincipled, and he had none of the keen-sightedness which enables a great commander to choose the best plan in the midst of difficulties, and the firmness which enables him to abide by his resolution when once it has been taken. The French Admiral, Tourville, was approaching with a fleet more numerous than his own. Torrington could not make up his mind either to fight or to retreat. The course which he adopted was the most disgraceful which it is possible to imagine. He met the enemy off Beachy Head, and allowed the Dutch ships under his command to engage in an unequal contest, whilst

he kept the English ships carefully out of harm's way. The Dutch distinguished themselves, as they always did, by their stubborn courage, but the combat was too unequal, and the combined fleet was obliged to retreat before the French.

The French, elated by their victory, landed in Devonshire. Their commander fancied that Englishmen were tired of William, and would welcome the return of James. He forgot that whether



BATTLE OF BEACHY HEAD.

Englishmen wished to be ruled by James or by William, they did not wish to be invaded by the French. A fisherman whom he took prisoner told him that he did not understand much about politics, and that he was quite ready to say 'God bless King James.' 'Then,' said Tourville, 'I am sure you will have no objection to take service with us.' 'What!' answered the fisherman; 'go with the French to

fight against the English! Your honour must excuse me; I could not do it to save my life.' All England was of the same opinion as that fisherman. The men of Devon rose to defend their country. Tourville set fire to Teignmouth and hastily retreated. No more was heard of a French invasion; William alone gained anything by the attempt which Tourville had made. Dutchman as he was, he was the protector of English soil against the French, whilst James, Englishman as he was, was trying to return with the aid of French sailors and soldiers. William became almost as popular as he was on the day when he first entered London.

Two years passed away before another attempt was made to effect a restoration of James by armed force. In 1692 as in 1691, William was obliged to be absent in the Netherlands, where he was called on to head the armies of the coalition in resisting the steady progress of Louis. In 1692 the French Government collected an army on the coast of Normandy round the Bay of La Hogue. Off the coast lay a splendid fleet, ready to carry the soldiers across the Channel or to protect them whilst they were crossing. The French Government, however, placed its confidence in something besides the valour of its soldiers and sailors. At William's court there were many persons who, like the fisherman captured by Tourville, cared little about politics, and who were quite ready to say 'God bless King James' when nobody except an agent of James was there to hear them. It was supposed at Paris that these men were only seeking an oppor-

tunity of throwing off the authority of William, and that if once a French army landed in England they would betray their trusts, and assist its advance.

In truth the men who listened to James's agents were, for the most part, but a broken reed on which to lean. They were men who only cared for their own interests, and who simply wished to stand well enough with William to keep their places and their pay if William maintained himself on the throne, and to stand well enough with James to be safe from his displeasure if he succeeded in re-establishing himself upon it. They were therefore perfectly ready to give good words to both parties, but they were not likely to expose themselves to risk for either. In plain words, they were not likely to give any serious assistance to James, unless it became exceedingly probable that James would achieve the mastery without their help.

One of those upon whom James counted was Admiral Russell, who was now in command of the English fleet. His position, however, was in some respects peculiar. He had given assurances to the agents of James, not so much because he wished to provide for his own safety, as because he was angry and disappointed. He was a violent Whig, and he thought that William ought to have rewarded and trusted the Whigs only, and himself more than the other Whigs. William, in short, was too large-minded and too firmly resolved to be the King of the whole people, and not of one party only, to give satisfaction to Russell. Yet unscrupulous as Russell

was as a politician, there was a limit beyond which he could not go. When he was once in command of an English fleet, he must act as an English sailor should. 'Do not think,' he said to an agent of James, 'that I will let the French triumph over us in our own sea. Understand this, that if I meet them I fight them, ay, though his Majesty himself should be on board.' In speaking this of his Majesty Russell meant to speak of James. James did not understand that he was making his cause hopeless by associating it with that of Louis.

Enthusiastic as the temper of the country was, fears were everywhere expressed that the officers of the fleet might not do their duty. It was known that many of them were, on various grounds, discontented, and that the Jacobites, as James's partisans were called, had been actively employed in tampering with the grumblers. Mary, who was in William's absence at the head of the Government, took the best possible means of averting a disaster. She sent a message to the officers telling them that she had heard rumours that they were not to be trusted, but that she entirely disbelieved these idle tales, and had the most complete confidence in the loyalty of her sailors. From that moment there was not a man on board the fleet who was not ready to die in the Queen's service. Russell found himself at the head of a fleet which, as soon as he was joined by his Dutch allies, numbered no less than ninety sail. Tourville, who imagined that in the hour of battle not a few of the English captains would come over to his side, ventured to meet him

with less than half his numbers. On board the English fleet every man did his duty, and the French fleet, terribly outnumbered, was utterly defeated. The English sailors followed up that part of the enemy's shipping which had taken refuge in the Bay of La Hogue, boarded the men-of-war, and set fire to them. Afterwards they returned to destroy or carry off a great number of the transports which had been destined to convey a French army to the invasion of England. The battle of La Hogue, as it was called, destroyed Louis' maritime power, and left England the mistress of the sea.

On land the struggle against France was a more difficult one. The French army was still superior to all the forces of the coalition. In 1692 at Steinkirk, and in 1693 at Landen, the generals of Louis gained victories over William. William, however, if he failed to gain victories, could prevent his opponents from turning their successes to account. By his skilful handling of his troops he contrived to occupy nearly as much ground after a defeat as he had occupied before it, and when these two years of fighting came to an end it appeared that the French armies had gained but little ground.

In a conflict in which the opposing forces were so evenly matched, the final victory was likely to be decided by other than merely military superiority. The nation which acquired the greatest wealth by industry and which was most ready to support its Government by sacrificing some portion of its wealth to public objects would be likely to win in the end.

At first sight it might be supposed that this advantage would lie with Louis. The French were then, as now, a quick-witted people, endowed with skilful hands, and with the invaluable power of producing considerable results out of small materials. Their Government, however, had been such as to throw away all these advantages. Louis was always fond of pomp and display, and he had done his utmost to encourage such manufactures as ministered to luxury or vanity. Frenchmen acquired an unusual skill in the manufacture of silk and tapestry, of cabinet work, and the more delicate kinds of pottery; but even these results were achieved, not because the articles were in demand, but because the King paid in part for their production out of the taxes of the nation. The vast majority of Frenchmen were engaged in agriculture, and the load of taxation which they had to bear for the support of the King's never-ending wars weighed them down. The supremacy at sea, which had passed into the hands of England in consequence of the battle of La Hogue, enabled the commerce of England to develop itself at the expense of that of France. England was visibly growing richer every year, and France was as visibly growing poorer. French enterprise had been taught to rely upon a Government which had too little sympathy with it to have an intelligent perception of its true interests, whilst English enterprise relied upon itself. Nor must it be forgotten that it was of advantage to England in the race for wealth to be an island. Even if Louis had been far less ambitious and insolent than he was, France must of

necessity have kept up a considerable and expensive army for defence against her continental neighbours, whilst England was safe with a much smaller army, under the protection of her navy.

If, however, England was becoming more wealthy than France, it did not follow that she would care to devote much of her wealth to keeping in check the armies of the French king. For the present, however, it was her manifest interest so to do. Unless William were supported in his struggle in the Netherlands, those rich provinces would, almost necessarily, fall into the hands of Louis, and if Louis gained possession of the magnificent port of Antwerp, and could compel the Dutch to make peace with him and to allow his ships to sail in and out of the Scheldt with safety, a new French navy might spring up, whilst in another battle the English fleet might no longer have the aid of Dutch allies. Most Englishmen, therefore, concurred in holding that the war ought to be prosecuted till Louis agreed to leave the Netherlands alone, and to give up all thought of replacing James on the English throne.

Whether the English people would be able to effect this object was another matter. In France there were no party struggles. Every one obeyed the orders of the King with reverential awe. In England there was nothing but strife and confusion to be seen. Political partisans denounced one another in violent speeches and in no less violent pamphlets. Corrupt officials took bribes and accepted payments to which they had no right. It seemed as if William could never bring order out of such a

chaos, and as if the national resolve would be frustrated by foolish and unprincipled men in Parliament and in office. Yet, after all, William's position was far stronger than it seemed. The national resolve to support him was there, and he had patience enough to wait for its manifestation, and skill enough to act in accordance with it when it was once manifested.

The war which was being carried on was expensive, and the taxes which were raised were insufficient to pay for it. William and the Parliament were therefore compelled to borrow money. It was not the first time that English kings had borrowed money from their subjects. Earlier kings had, however, frequently been unable or unwilling to return what they borrowed, or to pay the interest which they had engaged to pay every year for the use of the money lent. In 1693 an Act of Parliament was passed for raising a loan of 1,000,000*l.*, and other similar Acts passed in due course. The money thus asked for was easily found, because lenders believed that Parliaments would be more honest or more powerful than kings had been. A king, even if he wished to pay, might be unable to force his subjects to give him money to enable him to do so; but a Parliament could always levy a tax for the purpose.

In this way what is known as the National Debt began. In this, as in other matters, a Parliamentary Government showed itself to be stronger than an absolute one. An English Parliament could borrow money far more easily than a king of France, whose

power no Frenchman ventured to dispute. In order, however, that the Parliament should remain strong, it was necessary that it should represent the real feelings and wishes of the people; and it is, therefore, not surprising that there were many who wished that measures should be taken to prevent the House of Commons from making itself almost as independent of the nation at large, as the kings had formerly been. At that time Parliaments came to an end at the death of the sovereign; but there was no law by which their duration was limited in any other way. The first Parliament which met in the reign of Charles II. had sat for more than seventeen years; and, if the King had pleased, it might have continued sitting till he died. It might, therefore, happen that a House of Commons which had been elected when the constituencies were in one frame of mind might go on sitting long after they were in another, and might legislate in defiance of the wishes of the nation. The remedy proposed for this abuse was that there should frequently be fresh elections, and for this purpose the Triennial Act became law in 1694, in accordance with which every Parliament was to come to an end after sitting for three years, in order that the nation might at the end of that period choose its representatives afresh. At a later time, in the reign of George I., the Triennial Act was changed into a Septennial one; and the present limit to the duration of Parliaments is therefore seven instead of three years.

The result of William's energy and of the support which he found in the English nation was soon

manifest in the progress of the war. In 1695 he laid siege to the strong fortress of Namur, and took it, in defiance of a French army which attempted to relieve it. In itself the exploit was not a great one, but Louis had never failed before since the time when he vainly hoped to conquer Holland, and his first failure caused great rejoicings in England and on the Continent.

William was never one to show exuberant joy, and he was less likely to do so now than at any time of his life. His beloved wife had died, in the year before the capture of Namur, of that terrible disease the small-pox, for which the medical science of that age provided no remedy. 'I was the happiest man on earth,' groaned William to one of the bishops, when he was informed that there was no hope, 'and I am the most miserable. She had no fault; none. You knew her well; but you could not know, nobody but myself could know, her goodness.'

William was now more than ever a solitary man; and it was perhaps because he had neither wife nor child that those who had been unable to strike him down in the field attempted to strike him down by assassination. In 1696, a plot to murder him was formed; but it was betrayed before it could be carried into execution. At once William became almost as popular as Elizabeth had been. All over England men flocked to sign an Act of Association binding them to defend William's crown and Anne's succession against any claim which might be put forward by the exiled James. There was no chance now that the national sentiment in William's favour

would abate, and in 1697 Louis signed the Treaty of Ryswick, by which peace was restored to Europe.

No sooner was the peace signed than the House of Commons grew clamorous for the reduction of the army. They did not distrust the King, but they did not like to bear the expense of a large army, and they thought that sooner or later a Government which had a large army at its bidding might cease to be willing to carry out the wishes of Parliament. In 1698 the Commons reduced the army to 10,000 men; in 1699 they reduced it further to 7,000.

William was deeply annoyed. He knew that a fresh quarrel with Louis was likely to arise, and that his only chance of averting it lay in Louis' belief that he could still dispose of a large number of troops.

The fresh danger to Europe lay in the condition of the Spanish monarchy. Charles II., the reigning King of Spain, had but a contemptible army to dispose of, and he was himself weak in intellect and a confirmed invalid, whose death might be expected at any moment; but his dominions were vast, and as he was childless and had no brother, there was likely to be an active competition for his inheritance. Louis, whose wife was a sister of Charles II., claimed it for his grandson Philip, and the Emperor Leopold, who was married to another sister, claimed it for his son, the Austrian Archduke Charles. If a relation of either of these two monarchs obtained possession of the vast Spanish dominions, which, besides Spain itself, included parts of Italy and the Netherlands, as well as the Spanish colonies in America and else-

where, the family to which he belonged would be so powerful as to threaten the independence of all other European states. William, therefore, whose main object was to keep the peace, attempted to mediate. Between him and Louis were drawn up two partition treaties. The first would have given the greater part of the Spanish inheritance to a young Bavarian prince who was not powerful enough to frighten anybody. This prince unfortunately died, and it was necessary to make another treaty by which the greater share was given to less formidable Austria, and the smaller share to the more formidable Frenchman. It remained, however, to be seen whether Louis would keep his engagement or not, and the disbandment of the greater part of the English army made it likely that he might fancy that he could break his word without any danger of being punished for his falsehood.

In 1700 Charles II. died, having left a will in favour of Louis' grandson. Louis at once, in spite of the promises that he had given, accepted the will, and sent his grandson to rule in Spain as Philip V. In England William stood almost alone in wishing to resist him. The Tories, who were now in office, disliked the very idea of war, and if Louis had been content with having a near relative on the throne of Spain, England, and probably the rest of Europe, would have remained at peace. William knew Louis too well to think that this was likely, and therefore waited quietly till the King of France did something provoking. He had not long to wait. Very soon Louis attempted to secure privileges for French

traders in Spain which were not granted to Englishmen, and sent French soldiers to occupy garrison-towns in the Spanish Netherlands. Englishmen began to take alarm. Then James II. died. In a fit of compassion or of ostentatious vanity, Louis declared that he recognised his young son as King James III. of England. In a moment all England, rich and poor, Whig and Tory, was in a frenzy of patriotic indignation. William dissolved Parliament, and the new elections produced a House of Commons which was ready to support him in going to war. Believing as he did that Louis had still the wish to be the tyrant of Europe, as he had been before, and that unless his power was diminished he would easily be able to carry out his wish, William made every preparation for a war of the necessity of which he was convinced.

That war, when it did break out, effectually curbed the power of Louis; but William did not live to see the result of his patient endurance. On February 20, 1702, the horse Sorrel, on which he was riding in the park near Hampton Court, tripped over a mole-hill and threw him. The King's collarbone was broken. Through the greater part of his life he had been sickly, and during the winter months he had been more ailing than usual. On March 8 he died.

William's great work in life, in his own estimation, was to have saved Europe from the tyranny of France; but he did a work for Englishmen too. His character as an English king was that of a reconciler. Because his mind was set upon objects

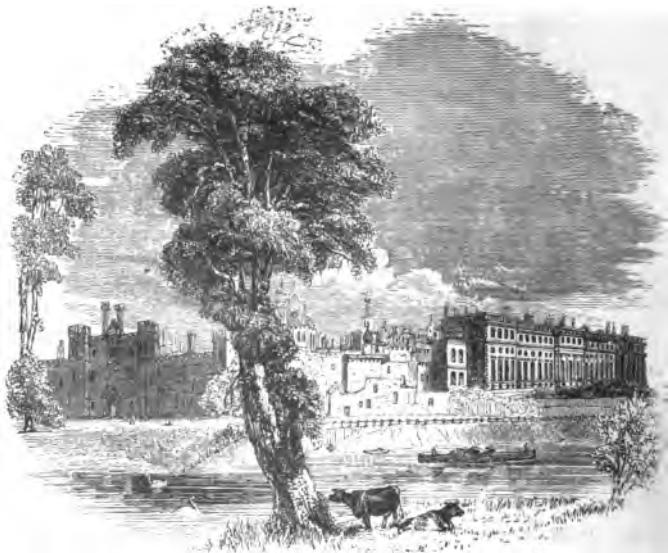
outside England he was able to place himself above the furious parties into which English politicians were divided. He wanted the nation to be strong and united, and, to accomplish that end, he did all that he could to keep the parties from quarrelling with one another. Yet, with all his good will, he would have accomplished nothing if the nation itself had not come to his help. The Toleration Act



ACCIDENT TO WILLIAM.

and the freedom of the press were in reality the greatest of reconcilers. When the victorious party could deprive its adversaries of the right to meet for prayer, and of the right to send abroad its thoughts in print for the persuasion of others, no violence seemed unjustifiable which would serve to pull down such tyranny. When men could say what they would, print what they would, preach

what they would, they could patiently trust to the effect of persuasion, and need no longer have recourse to rebellion or civil war. Freedom united Englishmen, and not only enabled them to take a leading part under the Duke of Marlborough in the destruction of the French power in the reign of Anne, but gave to them the vigour which has filled so many of the waste places of the globe with the sons and daughters of their race.



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